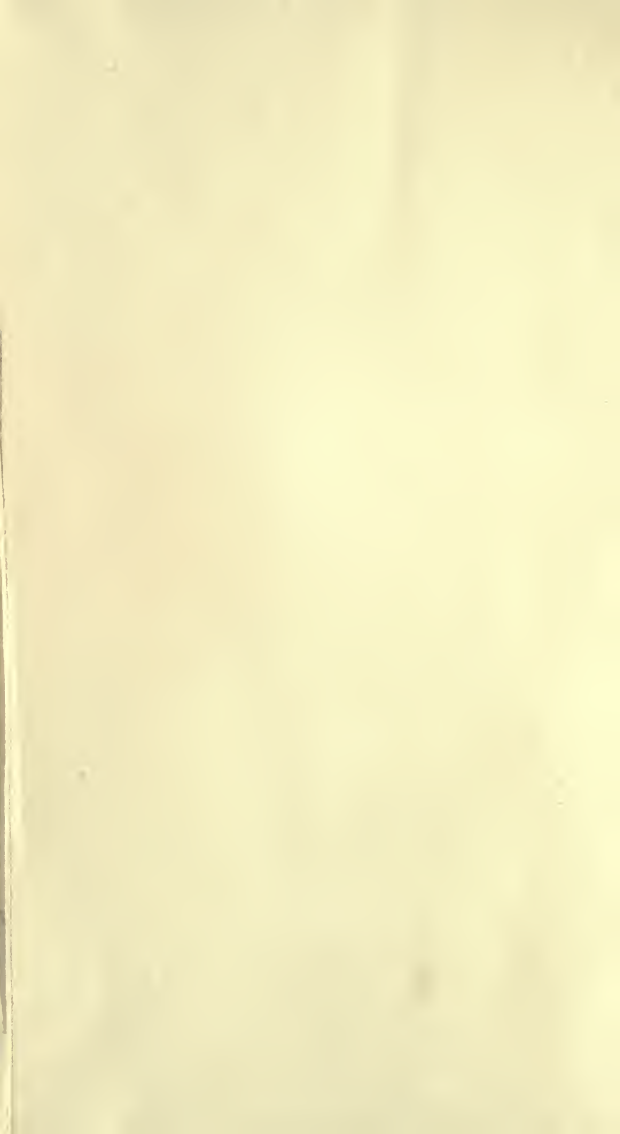




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EPISTLES

TO A

FRIEND IN TOWN,

GOLCONDA'S FÊTE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq.

NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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TO
SIR JOHN THOMAS CLARIDGE,
OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE;

THE FOLLOWING POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,
BY HIS SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

CHANDOS LEIGH.

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FOUR EPISTLES
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor us) to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, or be fond of
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived? * * *
* * * Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him [who]
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unblest'd, (with him
My poor chin too,) for it's not scissor'd just
To such a favourite's glass?

Shakspeare and Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen.

FIRST EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

non tibi parvum
Ingenium non incultum est et turpiter hirtum,
Seu linguam causis acuis, seu civica jura
Respondere paras, seu condis amabile carmen.

HORAT.

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

How many years are gone since first we met
In Town! the day is well remember'd yet;
Thou, a Young Templar, panting for renown,
Myself the veriest Idler on the Town.
Yet some few moments thou from toil could'st spare,
To toast in wine-cups that o'erflow'd, the fair.
Ah! little deem'd I then, that I should love
Elsewhere than in the Poet's lays—a grove.
“The sober certainty of waking bliss”
Is what I now enjoy, and truly this.
Though vex'd with head-aches, yet when free from pain
Give me a novel, and I laugh at rain.

Who would with Richardson or Fielding part,
That loves to trace the workings of the heart?
Few can excite the intellectual smile
Like them, or dissipate November's bile.

Books have their charms, society has more ;
Life for the wise has numerous joys in store.
The wise ne'er feel the languor of ennui,
Nor care how Whig and Tory disagree.
But every hour is well enjoy'd by those
Who thus alternate labour and repose.
Their farms, their gardens, ask a constant care :
With them the Sabbath is a day of prayer.
Then for amusement how they love t' explore
The woods, or down the river ply the oar,
When that the bright-hair'd sun, with mellow'd
 glow,
Pours his full splendour on the fields below.
What though the evening promises no play?
Though "heavily in clouds rolls on the day?"

The laugh, the song, the sports that intervene,
(Home-felt delights,) must quickly banish spleen.
How blest are they whose days thus glide away!
Even in old age they scarcely feel decay;
Vigorous in mind, and cheerful to the last,
With calm contentment they review the past.

Are such men Idlers? Idlers we are all;
The merits of the active are but small.
Yet they are useful too, and happier far
Than those who through the day wage wordy war,
Then dine, just reeking from the crowded court,
On tough beefsteaks, cold soup, and tavern port.
Can the poor head contain what it is now
Expedient for a Gentleman to know?
Though through the circle of the arts we run,
(Thanks to Reviews) we can remember none.
The Lawyer throws aside his book, and burns
To be a Davy and a Smith by turns;
His clients suffer, yet where'er he dines,
Chemist, or Bard, the learned Proteus shines.

Society improves ; the times require
Some little knowledge in a country squire ;
And book clubs, through the country widely spread,
Shew that at least our modern works are read.
The most inveterate sportsman now may speak
French and Italian, nay, can construe Greek.
A fire-side voyager from shore to shore,
He loves not in his easy chair to snore.

All can talk politics, no matter how :
The witty and the dull, the high and low.
But few, (which is the test of taste,) can quote
Aptly a line, or tell an anecdote.
Few can converse, with unaffected ease,
Or like a Ward, or like a Canning please.

Our country neighbours something more can say
Than " How d'ye do ? " and " 'Tis a lovely day ; "

I've heard from them what in reputed wits
Would be considered very pretty hits.
A *bel esprit* in France, and Britain's known,
But England calls the *humorous* man her own;
Yet "masters of the joke," who have a name,
Often say things unworthy of their fame.

No dun's loud voice, nor newsman's louder horn,
Here scare you from your slumbers light at morn:
No loungers here at one, assail your door,
To kill *their* time by wasting your's till four:
To them 'tis all the same what themes engage
Their minds, a death perchance, or equipage.
'Tis hard to say who greater ills endure,
The listless rich, or the o'erlabouring poor.
Indolence sits a night-mare on the breast;
Through the whole day her victims cannot rest.
Since man was never born to live alone,
How can he be that wretched thing—a drone!

A country-life is tame ! Who says 'tis so ?
The muck-worm cit, or butterfly-like beau ;
Or some fair Exquisite whose mind is fraught
With maxims by the Queen of Fashion taught ?
“ Would you be fashionable, you must weed
Your company, my dear, you must indeed.
Those who give balls ask first Exclusives ; then
As you would choose your pinks select your men.
Let not a swarm of country-folks appear
To greet you with a cordial welcome, dear ;
Such you must *cut* at once.—It is not worth,
Nor wit, nor talent, no nor even birth
That gives the ton ; 'tis something you will find
At Almack's—'tis—it cannot be defined.
Remember you may always turn aside
As if by accident, and not through pride,
When those approach you whom you should not know,
Or be short-sighted, or at least seem so.
Let none but titled names your parties boast,
They look divinely in the Morning Post.

Though Dowagers may old and ugly be,
They blaze in diamonds, are of high degree ;
Though noble Dandies look like gay baboons,
Their stars shine lustrous through our grand saloons :
How sweet it is to listen to the prate
Of some young lordling, pillar of the state !
Who, quite the fashion, to a favour'd few
Speaks, then be thankful if he talks to you."

You laugh at this would-be satiric strain ;
Well then I'll read my Blackstone o'er again,
And talk about a " fine," or a " release,"
And dare to be a Justice of the Peace.
Yet, my good friend, though nothing has a sale
But a high novel, or a bravo's tale,
Or memoirs, written by some scribbling thing,
That bites a bard, as gnats a lion sting—
I've dared to write ; no moralist will curse,
Though few, perchance, can praise this sober verse.
While well-fed Codrus dedicates his rhymes
To his kind patron, shall we blame the times ?

How generous that Mæcenas is, who gives
His gold, and lauded in a preface lives !
Some with subscriptions love to make a show ;
'Tis right the world their charities should know ;
Their spring of action 's selfishness ; what then ?
Their names, perchance, may influence other men.
Better write songs, or simper at a ball,
Than like a youthful Timon lose your all.

Some care not how they trifle life away ;
A hero wept if he but lost a day !
The ruin'd master of a vast estate
Finds he had time for hazard when too late.
What then is wealth, if boundless be our wants ?
How few can well employ what fortune grants !
One buys a borough, and corrupts the poor ;
Another opes to every knave his door.
If there be virtues in this world, they thrive
Far from those open halls where lordlings live.
Enslaved to thousands, while he *seems* their god,
The generous fool for self prepares the rod.

All lash him—why? because he fondly deem'd
That they, vain boasters! were the men they seem'd.

Cethegus shines alike with talents rare,
Or in St. Giles's, or in Grosvenor-square: (a)
So versatile in all things, he must please,
Who thus to pleasure sacrifices ease.

Lucullus to a boor, within the week,
Sells gems, and goblets of the *true antique*.
Who then would be Lucullus, thus to lose
All that a *polish'd* taste taught *him* to choose?

Is Gracchus happy, as around him throng
The rabble, who applaud him right or wrong?
No: when the conquest is so mean, indeed,
He feels no triumph, where he *must* succeed.
Great wits and statesmen grace Moreri's page;
Who else records these wonders of their age!
Since fame is so uncertain, shall we say
That splendid follies live beyond their day?

Each has the *beau ideal* in his mind .

Of pleasure ; that is coarse, this more refined :
Talk not to me, says Florio, of delights
The country has ; give me the view from White's.
What is more lovely on a summer's day
Than charms which beauteous women then display ?
Dearer to many is the gay saloon
At Covent Garden, than the full-orb'd moon.
These, as they view the immortal lights on high,
For Vauxhall's artificial splendours sigh.
So strange is taste, that some do not disdain
To breathe the wholesome air of Maiden-lane, (^b)
Where, by the smoking conclave, they are prized,
And sometimes pass for characters disguised.

At clubs and auctions Florio may contrive
Through a wet day, by rising late, to live ;
Give him at night but turtle and champagne,
He might *exist* through the same day again.
Life must indeed to such strange beings seem,
Or a fool's Paradise, or drunkard's dream :

The spirits o'er-excited, soon will fail,
Then all is dull, unprofitable, stale ;
Nor Ude's best fare, (^c) nor wines, though very choice,
Nor social songs, can make the heart rejoice.

Poor Foppington ! but yesterday the pride
Of ball-rooms, is by fashion thrown aside.
Another is adored, why, none can tell :
Yet *must* another be forgot as well.
This is indeed the common lot of all
Whom vain ambition prompts to *rule the ball*.
Wharton, a great Corinthian in his day,
(Pope gives his character) was somewhat gay,
Loved to see life, ambitious of a name :
Compared with his e'en *Egan's* sports are tame. (^d)
'Tis pity that such revellers should die,
They are so useful to society.

Most glorious is the spring-time of the year
How freshly green the woods, the vales appear !

“ Flowers of all hue” the splendid meads adorn ;
With blossoms white, how fragrant is the thorn !
And Heaven gives glimpses of itself by land,
By sea, fine fragments show the master-hand.
When Nature ’s clothed in such a varied dress,
Shall man presume to scorn her loveliness ?
Slight the rich banquet that she bids him taste,
And fortune’s gifts in chase of follies waste ?
The circle of enjoyment comprehends
Wife, children, books, a few warm-hearted friends :
Man may with these contented be, and spurn
Those nothings, after which his neighbours yearn.

SECOND EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides; who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes silently out of it; this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*muta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.—*Cowley*.

TO THE SAME.

SHALL I, while serious duties must engage
My mind, write on in this most rhyming age?
Wilt thou, with clients crowding at thy door,
Consent to be poetical, and poor?
Yet let me snatch, my friend, one hour away
From fashion's vain impertinence to-day,
From the dull forms of business, and its cares,
That close around me like the fowler's snares—
And I'll ne'er trifle with the Muse again :
Read but these plain lines from an honest pen.

Some men there are, thank Heaven but very few,
Who will condemn whate'er you say or do ;

They, with ingenious malice, draw forth evil
From sermons! such are children of the devil!
One writes a song; should it appear in print,
The generous Bavius says, "there's danger in 't."
Another cheers an else heart-broken bard;
"Let the vain fool his parasite reward,"
Kind Zoilus exclaims; Who then escapes?
None, when foul Envy thus her comment shapes.

Yet will my mind fly backwards to the time
When, great indeed my fault, I learn'd to rhyme:
When every day gave birth to schemes, that soon
Pass'd rapidly away, like dreams at noon;
To plans, that might have suited fairy-land,
But fleeting here, as figures drawn in sand!
How often have we studied Gibbon's page!
How often glow'd with Burke; prophetic sage!
Those intellectual giants, such in truth
They were, with splendid periods charm'd our youth.

Oft have we sought the theatre ; and felt
That then, embodied there, Rome's genius dwelt,
When Kemble, like the god-like hero, shone (^a)
Among inferior lights, a sun alone !
Adored by thousands, such his happy lot—
He was but yesterday ; and now—forgot !
Thus as old Time turns round his wheel, uprise,
And fast descend, the mighty and the wise !
A few eulogiums in the journals tell
How wise they were, how mighty, then—farewell !

He whom variety delights, would find
All that must please him in Statira's mind !
Where various qualities are sweetly blent,
Candour with cunning, sense with sentiment.
Look in her face, a devil lurketh there,
That in her eye-glance seems to say—"Beware !"
How often have we prattled round her board,
With would-be Authors, and a gentle Lord !

Great was her love of patronage and state ;
We praised her talents, and her show of plate.

But times are alter'd : in this world of woe
Realities demand exertion now.

We are not what we were ; that burning zeal
For books, and pleasures, we no longer feel :
Fancy has now withdrawn her high-wrought veil
From our fond gaze, and sober thoughts prevail ;
And what has pleased in boyhood now appears
Vain, as comes on the noon-time of our years.
All was romantic, if it be romance,
To float upon the changing stream of chance.

Let Cocker's useful volume supersede
The metaphysic tomes of Stewart or Reid.
But 'tis indeed a pain, (though Interest seems
To bid me scorn unprofitable themes,)
While the old bards adorn my shelves, to quit
At once their world of poetry and wit ! ^(b)

Where the dense yellow fog o'erhangs the Thames,
The sage, great Coke, thy close attention claims ;
Yet wilt thou seize, at intervals of time,
On Byron's Lara—Cowper's Task sublime !
The mind is healthy, that to works like these,
Amid the toil of thought, can turn with ease.

Content, thou hast eight hundred pounds a-year,
Books, and, far better still, a conscience clear ;
Thou dost not feel, what squires have felt, distress,
When their rents fail, and mortgages oppress !
Debts, taxes, and annuities might make
The proudest landlord for his acres quake !

Like Machiavel in politics, thou art (°)
A Tory, or a Radical at heart !
Rejoicing oft to see how Whigs are hit
Now by John Bull's, and now by Cobbett's wit.
Yet politics are but ephemeral things ; (d)
Kings, though the world's progressive, will be kings :

Statesmen are statesmen still—the mob will roar, (e)
And ——— be what Wilkes has been before !

Say, dost thou seek the Caledonian squeeze,
Where few can stand, and fewer sit with ease ?
Where Irving's glowing oratory shows
The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose ! (f)
Or, blest with better taste, wilt thou not hear
Andrews, as eloquent, and far more clear ?
Then, at a brother lawyer's country seat,
In social converse find a sabbath treat ?

As magic lanterns throw along the wall
Forms of gigantic shape, yet shadows all,
In florid self-importance thus the vain
Burst on our sight—then shrink to nought again.
Their well-known faces haunt me where I walk,
And oh ! how wearisome their well-known talk !

Yet such are men ; though reason, 'tis confest,
Illumes their minds with scatter'd rays at best :

Such have immortal spirits ! which must be
Happy, or wretched, through eternity !
Go, triflers, tread Love's flowery path ; but know
Ye burn with dæmons, or with seraphs glow !

Oft have we laugh'd at (for in truth we've seen
The world) their civil smiles that nothing mean ;
Their dolorous looks, whene'er they seem'd to grieve ;
And can such poor dissemblers e'er deceive ?
Give *me* the man, who, if at times he err,
At least shows something like a character !
Who can consult his heart, as well as head ;
Nor waits to ask if feeling be well bred !

Some have the wealth of Ind, are strange, are proud,
And scorn to hold communion with the crowd.
But fortune frowns ; the smiling auctioneer
Bids gold and pearls barbaric disappear.
Philips will sell their books, where underwrit
Notes tersely pencill'd show sententious wit. (g)

Philips will sell their gewgaws, that amaze (^h)
Women and rustics with their gorgeous blaze.
But such superfluous vanities can ne'er
Delight *thy* mind, be they or rich, or rare.

Soon, very soon, life's little day is past ;
No works, but those of charity, will last.
Nor Byron's verse, nor Beckford's pomp can save
Vathek, or Harold, from their destined grave !
And what is wealth ? with equal hand 'tis given
To bad, to good—no proof of favouring Heaven !
And who is rich ? Emilius, whose good sense
Protects him from the glare of vain expense.
Who buys not glittering toys when very dear, (ⁱ)
But treats his friends with hospitable cheer—
Who loves to breathe the incense of the morn, (^k)
As the sun's golden rays his hills adorn ;
Deeming more beautiful the sky's young bloom,
Than all the splendours of a drawing-room—
And meditates, as warmly glows his blood,
How best he might promote his country's good.

He can be happy though his neighbours thrive ;
Nor thinks himself the poorest man alive.
But few are like Emilius, few can feel
For aught, save their own sordid selves, a zeal.

Trebatius like a man of honour deals ;
He only keeps your purse, he never steals.
His honour is so clear, you must not doubt it ;
“ He talks about it, Goddess, and about it.”
Wearied with mystery, and sick of prate,
(Yet unconvinced) you trust the man you hate.

Simplicity is like a flowery wreath,
Though beautiful, a serpent lurks beneath !
Good Simon Pure in look, in voice a child,
Will circumvent a Jew—though very mild.

Burke says ambition is too bold a vice ⁽¹⁾
For many ; true : not so with avarice.
The meanest passion has the strongest hold
On human hearts, the cursed lust of gold.

You judge, if rightly read in Nature's book,
Of beasts, by what in men deceive, the look :
The fox's craft, the slyness of a cat,
Are outwardly express'd by *this* and *that*.

Crispus with studied negligence will speak ; (^m)
Yet knows right well his neighbour's side that 's weak ;
And while *his* words are out at random thrown,
Notes *your's* upon his memory's tablet down.
The most experienced oft will fail to trace
The lines of cunning in his ruddy face :
Yet, watch it narrowly, you see the smile
Betrays, what laughter may conceal, his guile.

Lives there the man who does not condescend
To notice, if he be distress'd, a friend ?
Such man within the Town perchance may dwell,
(More fit to be a denizen of Hell,)
But in the Country may not shew his face ;
Our lands are cursed not with so vile a race.

Experience, sole correctress of the young
Who to reeds shaken by the wind have clung—
False hopes, false friends, false pleasures — 'tis by
thee,

Our souls are arm'd against duplicity.

Give him one year, the youth by passion fired,
May lose whate'er his father has acquired !
Whate'er *he* gain'd by forethought, or by toil,
May in one night become the sharper's spoil.

Why does Eugenio love to live by rule ?
He aims to be the first in Jackson's school ;
Yet like himself, perchance, Eugenio's sire
Liked a beefsteak that just had *seen* the fire !
'Twas love of exercise — 'tis love of fame,
Their ends were varied, but their means the same.

Sick of amusements that come o'er and o'er,
The chace, the dance, the drama, and the moor,

Hilario quits fair England, restless still,
He follows pleasure's shade, and ever will ;
Till to some " high-vised " city drawing close,
It leaves him idle, but without repose.

Hilario stakes his goods, among the rest
A ring—it was a dying friend's bequest !
This dear memorial of a dying friend
Adorns a strumpet's finger in the end.

Lucilius courts the great ; he 'd rather be
Their slave, than live among his equals free.
Yet will he notice these, whene'er they meet
Elsewhere, than in a fashionable street.
Yet some there are who scorn, how very odd,
This lordling's humble servant's *friendly* nod.

Vain, demi-deified by flattering self,
Young Claudius cries—" All women want my pelf !"
Some, dazzled with exterior show, adore
The golden calf, like wayward Jews of yore.

Yet is the fool so fine—he dares to scorn
The highly-gifted, beautiful, high-born !
Till from his fancied eminence he 's hurl'd
By lawless love—a by-word in the world !
Or to a wanton, or another's wife
Wedded, for ever with his spouse at strife.

Extreme in every thing, Petronius pants
To be a chosen one, and humbly cants !
What are humility and cant allied ?
Humility is virtue, cant is pride !
The words of dying Addison, “ Be good,”
Though easy, are by few well understood.

Florus, whose wit may grace to-morrow's feast,
Is low to-day ; the wind is in the East.
Or deems he that at thirty though he sing
And jest, a jester 's but a trifling thing ?

The mind “ that 's sicklied o'er with the pale cast
Of thought,” intensely ponders o'er the past !

Each act, however fair in youth's gay prime,
Changes its hues, and darkens into crime.
Each lighter jest, in strong remembrance set,
Adds something to the stores of vain regret.

E'en Atticus, whose mind is blest with taste,
Lets, when alone, his talents run to waste.
The standard of his taste is high indeed ;
Few are the books he *condescends* to read !
He bears with Dryden's prose, or Campbell's verse.
Such delicate feeling almost is a curse.

What is thy boasted knowledge, man of thought ?
What are thy fancy's meteor-flashes ?—nought—
If but a passing cloud that glooms the sky
Can stupify thy brain, or dull thine eye.
Slave to the breeze, the sunshine, and the shower,
Thou art in sooth a transitory flower !

There 's Heaven in mere existence ; then again
If clouds be lowering, fortune smiles in vain :

The dull cold morn which doubtful lights illumine,
Casts o'er the mind its harmonizing gloom.

“ Poor human Nature !” bending over Pope,
His friend exclaim'd—but where was St. John's hope ?
He saw the poet ghastly, weak, and thin !
But saw not the immortal soul within !
The soul, that like an eagle soars among
The bright existences, the souls of song ;
They, with intuitive glance, at once see through
Worlds, which on earth we vainly strive to view.

On the rough ocean of existence tost,
Here contemplation is in action lost.
Had we but time to speculate, how strange
Would all appear within the mind's wide range ;
Ourselves—our nature—what th' Almighty power
Wills us to be—when past death's awful hour !
Our thoughts are vague when they attempt to pass
Beyond the boundaries of *is* and *was*.

How very small must seem, whene'er we think,
In being's endless chain this earthly link !

To-day, and yesterday ! these words imply
Life has its constant labours, 'till we die.
Then may our souls, upspringing from the dust,
Live with the spirits of the good and just !
Is there a spot of sunshine to be found
In life's dark valley ? yes—'tis holy ground !
'Tis where Religion sheds a sober beam,
As fell on Gideon's fleece the blessed stream !

“ Bask in the sun of pleasure while you can ;
Life's summer soon is fled : then what is man ! ”
Unapt illusion ! as our years increase,
The mind gains strength, the storms of passion cease !
The informing spirit then, that never dies,
Gives promise of those godlike energies
That it will exercise without decay,
In other worlds, when this shall pass away.

Let us then fondly hope that they, whose worth
Rivall'd the virtues of the best on earth,
They, in whose hearts angels rejoiced to find
The fear of God, the love of all mankind,
They whom we loved, for whom, alas ! we shed
The fruitless tear, since they to us are dead,
Will live for ever with us in the sight
Of that immortal One who dwells in light,
Throned inaccessible ; we learn to brave,
Arm'd with this hope, the terrors of the grave.

THIRD EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

This is a beautiful life now ! Privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there 's no man but may make his paradise ;
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't.

Fletcher's Nice Valour,

Act v. Scene 2.

TO THE SAME.

THIS day, that shone most glorious from its birth,
Is like a glimpse of Heaven as caught from earth.
Here oft in silence have we loved to gaze
On sylvan wonders, far above our praise.
Our thoughts are fresh, as is the early dew
In our life's morn; oh! were they always new,
Earth would be Paradise; but soon they lose
Their freshness, and grow stale by frequent use.
Those varied fancies, that when we are young
Please us, remain through want of art unsung;
When Art might teach us duly to express
Their charms, alas! we feel and know them less.

The noblest landscape that e'er bless'd the sight,
Day after day beheld, scarce gives delight.
That, which we now mis-name a trifling toy,
Once kindled in our hearts a flame of joy !
As the sky's brilliant hues at close of day
Melt down into an undistinguish'd grey—
Thus the changed mind (its lively colours past)
Wears the dull livery of the world at last.

E'en PAMPHILUS, in whose young bosom dwelt
A love of all that 's beautiful, who felt
That Nature, ever present, where he roved,
Clung closely to his heart, a Nymph beloved ;
Now views, unheeding, emerald vales and floods,
And, in repose magnificent, the woods.

Yet better this, than an o'eracted zeal
For rural beauties, which you do not feel.
URBANUS is in raptures, when he sees,
Since rudeness is a crime, his Patron's trees ;

URBANUS deems not what he sees, divine ;
But 'tis polite to shout at times "How fine !"
This feign'd enthusiast with his words may cheat
The vain possessor of a country seat !
But has URBANUS view'd the clouds that flush
Around a summer's sky, the morning's blush ;
And felt, when quite alone, the deep, deep sense
Of beauty inexpress'd, not less intense,
When all sensations of delight are thrown
Into a heavenward gratitude alone ?

Pleasures like this are passionless, and give
A lesson to us for what ends we live.
They show the soul's high origin, though worn
By care, and oh ! predict that glorious morn,
When life, and light, and love, the trinal beam, (^a)
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream.

A lute, a gentle voice, or summer skies,
All in their turn wake kindred sympathies ;

Though few, like SYLVIVS, love to waste their hours
Courting romantic thoughts in tangled bowers,
'Till loathing social duties he misdeems
Himself a spirit in a world of dreams,—
Yet will meek evening to the coldest heart
A sober glow of happiness impart ;
Sweet promise this, of pleasures yet to come ;
Showing that earth is not our proper home.
This nature teaches to that being call'd
“ Man of the world,” or man by art enthrall'd,
With the thin gloss of fashion smoothing o'er
His real character, like thousands more !
So mild, his manners are to all the same ;
Stranger or Friend alike, attention claim.

Now FLAVIVS lingers in the town alone ;
The pride and pomp of which, alas, are gone.
The mean young man will condescend to seek
A rural Bashaw's seat ; but for a week :
Th' indignant Landlord scorns, as well he might,
The proffer'd honour, as he scorn'd the slight

Which FLAVIUS show'd him, when, among the crowd
Of worldlings, walk'd the coxcomb poor and proud.

All pride is littleness—but very low

The pride which unpaid tailors can bestow !

The bigot for his narrow creed may have

Some reason, but a fool is fashion's slave,

Who, for a name's equivocal renown,

Would the best feelings of the heart disown.

Let brother triflers damn him as half-bred,

The charms of this much-boasted name are fled :

A word from fashion's high-priest,—sacred thing,

Will clip at once the young aspirant's wing.

Unhappy youth ! whom fortune thus beguiles ;

The lovely Peeress passes by, nor smiles.

The title "Exquisite" acquired with pain,

Like that of "Champion," is a doubtful gain.

The youth whose heart, replete with kindness, loved

The world, whose generous acts that world approved ;

When all was new, and fancy gave a gloss

To life's realities that are but dross—

In manhood, should his sanguine hopes be crost,
Is chill'd by apathy's unyielding frost ;
Save when arise some sudden gusts of spleen,
You scarce would guess that he had active been.

Dreary will be life's eve to SPORUS soon,
The black cloud of contempt o'erhangs his noon.

One moment's gaze on such a scene as this,
Is worth whole years of artificial bliss.
When the sun gilds with his declining rays
The castle, fam'd in great ELIZA's days,
I love to linger near its ruin'd walls,
Where ivy clusters, or luxuriant falls :
Then in my mind are suddenly revived (^b)
The days, when SIDNEY, "flower of knighthood," lived.
That stainless hero ! a propitious star
In peace ; a splendid meteor in the war.
Th' unwearied light of valour on his crest
Shone, while in royal halls he look'd the best.

Such noble spirits to a higher sphere
Belong, and, ere we know them, disappear !
Now the calm sunset gives a mellow grace
To the vast pile ; what pleasure 'tis to trace
The shadows of past greatness ! not a sound
Is heard, while twilight gently steals around.
Here time appears resistless ; but my soul
Says that one Power can time itself controul :
The Power that hath reveal'd, the promise sure,
That *now*, one boundless present, shall endure. (c)

But what are works upraised by human skill ?
Mere toys, Pride's splendid playthings, if you will.—
Nature, more prodigal, has always been
Most lavish of her treasures, where unseen.
She, in vast solitudes delights to show
That without man's vain aid her nurslings grow
A Giant brood ; for there mimosas rise,
And the columnar cactus towers unto the skies ; (d)
There vallies look like worlds, o'er which the vast
Forests their shades interminably cast !

Where all is great, shall not man's heart expand,
Enlarging with the grandeur of the land ?
There as the mind upsprings, from custom freed
It scorns the courtier's fashionable creed,
Knowing itself how mean, in Pride's abode,
How comprehensive, 'mong the works of God.
The worst and best of passions there, the lust
Of wealth, the love of glory give disgust,
And thought illimitable there would fain
The wisdom of earth's wisest sons disdain.

EUMOLPUS, child of Genius he, was made
To live in the sun, and yet, would seek the shade !
Thou dost remember well his fine dark eye,
Where shone enthroned the soul of Poesy ;
His voice that, silver-toned, fit channel seem'd
For flow of wit with which his fancy teem'd ;
His eloquent discourse now light, now full
Of thoughts profound and rare, but never dull.
Spite of these brilliant qualities that warm
The heart, and give to social life a charm,—

This gifted being, to the haunts of men (^e)
Preferr'd the mountain's height, or lonely glen.
But PSITTACUS the bard, aspires to move
Among the rich and great, to court *their* love.
He labours every day to feel the effect
Of writing well, and trembles at neglect.
One might his highly-polish'd wit compare (^f)
To the snow-diamond beautiful and rare :
He knows indeed its worth ; for every word
He asks the homage of the social board.
And while his sayings sparkle, Fame forbid
Their light should be beneath a bushel hid.
But though his Muse, in verse a very saint,
The beauties of a rural life can paint ;
She ne'er with Nature's self communion held,
But felt *that* Power her energies had quell'd !

How few, while with their fellow-men they mix,
Write what they may, on Heaven their thoughts will fix !
Affections, small, but strong in union, bind
With many threads to earth the giant mind :

Care clouds its sight ; wild passions then assail
The soul, and 'gainst its nobler will prevail :
And while man strays through Pleasure's flowery path,
Bursts on his head the vial of God's wrath !

Yet praise is dear to all—the world's, alas, (ε)
(As wet and dry affect the weather-glass)
Or given or withheld can raise, or sink
The spirits, 'tis for that we act and think.
For that young DRUSUS, falling from his rank,
Into a wandering, would-be ROSCIUS sank ;
For that PATRICIUS would, a fruitless toil,
Enrich with German flowers his English soil ;
E'en from his loved retreat the rural Bard
Seeks in the world's approval his reward.
Where's the Recluse who, though it loudly strikes
His ear, the grateful voice of fame dislikes ?
Thus rise from ROUSSEAU's genius that illumines
The shrine of Nature, vanity's rank fumes.
The worshippers of glory, though sublime
Their maxims, are but great in prose and rhyme.

So weak is man, that when upraised at most,
The mind a partial flight can only boast :
Soon with a flagging wing 'twill stoop, and creep
Along the ground—Hear this, ye vain, and weep!

ANTIMACHUS (since such a name the muse (^h)
Reluctant for the wayward youth must choose)
Writes like an angel, but his actions stain
The else unsullied offspring of his brain.
He seems in contrarieties to take
Delight, at once Philosopher and Rake.
What Casuist dares affirm 'twixt good and bad
That aught like compromise can e'er be had,
Though many characters, so wills it strife,
Preserve no keeping on the stage of life?
The sentimentalist to-day will quaff
Bumpers of wine, to-morrow jest and laugh.
MORECRAFT the usurer will e'en unbend,
And give a dinner to his pigeon'd Friend.
Mind has its lights and shadows, that to please,
Into each other melt by slow degrees :

But with alternate colours dark and bright, (¹)
The glaring contrast shocks the moral sight.
Strange inconsistencies will show that all
The wisest feel the curse of Adam's fall.

Good God ! MARCELLUS by the gay and grave
Approved, became the vilest passion's slave ;
Pure were his thoughts in boyhood, modest sense
Adorn'd a mind that hated all pretence.
Poor fallen youth, how changed ! thou lately wast
Thy country's pride ; but now—the world's outcast.
Oh may swift vengeance hurl its lightnings down
On their base heads by whom this youth's o'erthrown !
Pass we this theme—the subject will involve
A knotty question which no Bard can solve :
Why should this man, since Virtue "with his growth
Grew," be *at once* the worthless thing we loath ?
Bad spirits ever vigilant will glide
Into the heart's recess, and there abide ;
Expelling the fair forms of Love and Truth,
Though beautiful, but transient guests in sooth.

ALCIPHRON opens Nature's Book, and reads
That there's a God, as visible in weeds
As worlds; and yet the sceptic is perplex'd;
With "qualities," and "modes," and "substance," vex'd.
Words vague in meaning chill his *holy* zeal,
And counteract what he *must* see and feel.
Is he in danger? then he will adore
God, and forget the quibbling sophist's lore.
Conscience will dissipate the mists that cloud
Thoughts, very weak indeed, when very proud.
Thus the presumptuous intellect of man
Passes its bounds, but ends where it began.

While Heaven pours forth varieties of light
In beautiful profusion; what delight
It is to view the woodlands, lawns between:
Brief joy perchance! soon clouds may supervene,
Deepening their shadows o'er the woods that now
With an intensity of radiance glow.

That Joy is like a moment's sunshine, gone
Ere you can feel it, we have often known :
But Friendship is a plant that will outlast
The gusts of care, or Sorrow's wintry blast.
Then may'st thou see, my Friend, a good old age ;
Happy as DEMONAX, and quite as sage. (k)
And when her mild farewell to life is given,
May Angel Faith direct thy soul to Heaven !

FOURTH EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

May it please your Lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you hear
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,
Become a concert of good instruments:
While twenty babbling echoes round about
Out of the stony concave of their mouths
Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

Lingua.—Old Play.

TO THE SAME.

THE golden morn of youth is gone, and man
Reaches his noon of life without a plan :
As snow falls softly on the mountains height,
Time passes by : 'tis scarcely eve, 'tis night :
Though whispers oft the still small voice within,
To waste, or misapply thy time, is sin.

Yet it is pleasant here to gaze away
In sweet forgetfulness of cares the day,
The long long summer's day ; while flowers exhale
Their fragrance borne along the western gale,

That o'er our Avon's bosom gently breathes,
Till in the sun her "crisped smiles" she wreathes; ^(a)
Or glory in that sun, till thought elate
Would o'er the horizon round its orb dilate;
Or trace resemblance to that monarch proud
Of Alps, Mont Blanc, in some high-towering cloud;
Or wander lonely through the solemn grove
With every feeling hush'd, save that of love,
Love of a Being who is evermore
All that a grateful spirit must adore!
As clouds along the stream in varied hues
Their lovely shadows rapidly diffuse;
So o'er life's current changeful Fancy glides,
In shapes swift-flitting o'er the restless tides.

All the fine plans thy subtle mind hath spun
Melt into air, like mists before the sun;
Yet why regret? substantial systems wrought
By heads of statesmen crumble into nought.
The wings of time, through oft repeated shocks,
Beat down opinions strong as granite rocks;

Senates have sanction'd schemes they now deride ;
How mortifying this to human pride !

Bacon has said, then take it in my rhyme,
The slaves of custom are the sport of time ;
How, as they strive to check his onward course,
He whirls them round with a resistless force !
While knowledge, strong as is the ocean's tide,
Scatters opposing errors far and wide :
Sweeping away the veil that time has thrown
O'er old opinions all must soon disown.
Though knowledge be progressive, mystery shrouds
The glowing sons of fancy in her clouds,
So brilliant they divert aspiring youth
From following sober lights hung out by truth.
But ah ! from them involved within the mass
Too soon away the brilliant colours pass.

Mystical poetry with wondrous art
Entwines itself around the enthusiast's heart.

Alastor gathers images remote
From human use, as stimulants to thought.
With projects wild his brain distemper'd teems,
His world appears impalpable as dreams.
Vague phantoms take the place of living forms,
And torturing doubt a noble mind deforms.
How can a soul which matter clogs, discern
Abstraction's shadowy tribe? their nature learn?
Awhile they rush before our mental sight
Enlarged, then far recede, and all is night!
We shape our projects from a chaos wild
Of dreams that ought not to delude a child;
Then, as our air-built phantasies deceive
Hopes that are nursed in spite of reason—grieve.

In one brief day, thoughts rapidly succeed
Each other, varying as we act or read:
As mutable as Claudia's love that veers
From heirs for wealth plebeian fam'd, to Peers;
Or those opinions, that in proper reason
Conviction brings against our staggering reason;

Conviction, as self-interest rules the hour,
Has opportunely a resistless power.

What are the secret links, uniting thought
With thought? here metaphysics teach us nought;
The mind, but lately pleased with idle things,
Is teeming now with vast imaginings;
(Not that of Quintus which, except the news
That clubs can give, no subject can amuse.)
The voice, but lately bland, in fearful tone,
Now bids the oppressor tremble on his throne;
And hearts indignant with responsive beat
Throb, and impatient crowds their shouts repeat.
Thus a great actor has upon the stage
Alternate fits of tenderness and rage;
Who a few minutes since among his guests
Threw rapidly his laughter-moving jests.

Imagination is to mortals given,
That they might sometimes catch a glimpse of heaven,

But not to be an erring guide, at strife
With all the sober principles of life :
To cheat us, as a Prospero with his wand
Creates and then dissolves a fairy band.
Yet what are all the pleasures as we pass
Through life, that cheer our pilgrimage, alas !

Beauty attracts us with her smiles, and Love
Is a most busy god while idlers move,
Thronging those gardens gay of which the flowers
Transcend the choicest that adorn our bowers ;
There glow in summer's lighter garb array'd
The loveliest forms that ever Nature made ;
The roseate bloom of youth is on their cheeks :
In their sweet looks mind eloquently speaks.
(Yet taste laments that Tullia's shape is gone ;
Among her fair compeers she brightly shone.)
Eyes that with tears were fill'd but yesternight
For a lost Almack's, sparkle with delight.

Come thou, enchantress Music, with thy strains
Alternate wake delight, or calm our pains :
Thou canst attune the heart to every change
Of feeling as thy fancy loves to range :
Thou art mysterious Harmony by Heaven
To man, a solace for his sorrows given.
The Hermit dreams of music in his cell,
Of voices heard in Heaven the choral swell :
The Pilgrim hears the vesper bell at close
Of day, and nears the city of repose,
Cheerful yet pensive ; while the minstrels come
With merry sounds, to cheer the Burgher's home.
Now rouse the warrior's souls ; now in the lute
With thy fine touch the lover's ear salute.

A ballet at the Opera, it seems, (b)
Is what a poet fancies when he dreams :
Oh what a world of poesy is there !
What delicate spirits people earth and air !
Angels of light, too fine for Man's embrace—
They are, if Angels, then a *fallen* race.

What are these beings of ethereal mould
By whom the "Muses' tales are truly told?"
Young Claudius knows, whose heart such beauty warms,
That these all-glorious sprites have venal charms.

But Freedom here can show a nobler prize
Than loveliest nymph, if Claudius will be wise;
Fortune and birth, be he but blest with sense,
Will give him more than labour'd eloquence!
What though deficient he in Grattan's fire,
Canning's fine irony, Grey's nobler ire,
Let him but heed the People's genuine voice,
Their boundless love will make his heart rejoice.
Soon will he thank his God that gratitude
Can warm a peasant's heart however rude!
Smiles that light up fair woman's face impart
Joy to the senses, sunshine to the heart:
While gay good humour laughs from Clara's eyes,
Her brow is more serene than summer skies.
A wit offends; soon anger in her frown
Like thunder sleeping in a cloud is shown.

Hapless the wight on whom it chance to burst ;
What devil than a scold is more accurst ?

Metella, Fashion's most prevailing star,
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car ;
Metella (scorn sits lovely on her lips)
Frowns, can another's radiance her's eclipse ?
A purse-proud rival, not in loveliness
Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.
Shall then the Day-God's flower that flaunting shows
Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose ?
Oh, no ! Metella's splendour far outshines
Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of mines.
Taste, birth's obedient fairy waves her wand
Through her saloon—Gold cannot taste command.
Turn we from scenes like these ; and long and loud
The Preacher's voice is heard above the crowd,
Denouncing all those vanities, that late
Gladden'd our spirits ; these awhile we hate,
Though Saints far more attractive to the eye
Than Guido's fair Madonnas near us sigh.

One act of real virtue bears the impress
Of Deity upon it, nothing less,
Outlasting all the glittering gauds that Pride
Delights, the fool with, ay the wise beside.

So says the Preacher : trembling, we believe
His words, but still again ourselves deceive ;
Still to the world return, with zest increased,
Like parting coursers in the field released.

Though timid Cocknies scorn (a nerveless race) (°) .
That life of life, the madness of the chase :
The draw, the find, the soul-exciting burst,
The burning emulation to be first ;
These *are* delights ; but sports must lose their zest,
When days are blank, and spirits are deprest.

Lucilius, burden'd with superfluous coin,
Pants the kind sharers in his wealth to join,
Where Crockford's palace glares upon his eyes,
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.

How true the proverb, "Cobwebs that enfold
The less, on greater reptiles loose their hold."
Wondering that men can thus their money lose ;
Sons of *virtù*, a better part you choose.

Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme, (^d)
You buy,—we'll call it "Pleasure's rare Passe-tyme ;"
Or drag some dusty picture to the day,—
Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to pay :
The picture, you remove the sacred dust,
Had better in its former station rust ;—
The book, how vast your agony of grief !
More precious than the Sibyl's, wants a leaf !

Tullius, whose well-stored library's a hive
Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give,
Is but a drone : from book to book he flies ;
Tastes all, contributes nothing,—useless dies.

Where to support the poor, Bazaars are graced
With high-born dames behind the counter placed :

Fair Seraphina studiously displays
Her pretty wares for charity, or praise.
Works finish'd by her lovely hands attract
Attention ; here a novel, there a tract :
These works her varied inclinations paint ;
The fair, as fashion wills, is blue, or saint !

This sickly feeling, that can never thrive,
Unless by Pleasure's aid 'tis kept alive—
Call you *this* Charity, that He approves
Who knows the spring that every action moves ?
This charity, that's borne, as Angels sing,
To God's eternal mount, on Seraph's wing ?

Though Nature in her noblest mood has made
Sydney in camps, and Howard in the shade,
Moral phænomena ! more rare, I fear,
Than an Iago, or Sir Giles, are here ;
Benevolence, pure element of good,
Is dash'd with grosser matter in our blood.

Orfellus gives you feasts, to glut his pride :
You ask a loan of him, he turns aside.
While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,
Yet from the dearest friend withholds his purse.—
The generous man—he whom the world com-
mends,—
Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends ;
And yet this hospitable reveller lives
For self, for self alone his banquet gives.
What though this Pharisee exalts his horn
On high, and views a brother's woes with scorn ;
When placed before the judgment seat of Heaven,
The scorner may be lost, the scorn'd forgiven.

Fame cries that Appius, generous wight, but lives
To bless his neighbour : all he has he gives.
Though in subscriptions be his name enroll'd,
His virtue glitters—'tis not sterling gold :
No prayer of those he has relieved by stealth,
Consecrates alms that trumpet forth his wealth.

Cræsus for unimagined pleasure pants ;
His very pain is that he nothing wants :
His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,
Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.

'Tis the pursuit that cheers us ; when attain'd,
The object is as speedily disdain'd ;
Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,
Cræsus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.

Crassus, rich child of dulness, lives among
High orators and mighty sons of song :
Admitted to the table of the Gods, he's hit,
Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of wit.

Strange are the qualities in Man commixt !
Firm in some things, in others how unfixt !
Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen
In public actions, be in private mean ?
Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave
A Hell for sinners, and become a knave ?

How the arch-tempter loves within his toils
To catch reluctant dragons! they *are* spoils.
The same imaginary sorrows vex
Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex;
Go to the Court, what characters are there?
The same by Pope described, or La Bruyère.

Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal
Resumes his labours for the common weal;
Neglects his fine estate, with study pale
O'erworks his brains, and what does this avail?
The dullest idler may in public speak
Better than him—our Patriot's nerves are weak.

Ascanius, for his trade too honest, dives
Into the depths of policy, and strives
In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be
What never with his nature can agree.
Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's school,
To see through those whom selfish passions rule;

Too sensitive to bear against the blast
Of faction till its rage be overpast.

Each flying shade, each transient light will throw
Young Flaccus into fits of joy or woe.—

The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake
His frame, until his heart-strings almost break.
If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,
The mind disjointed from its purpose swerves.

Scarce on his self-raised eminence appear'd
Publius; the harass'd sons of freedom cheer'd.
To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd
At night before the Israelites, they turn'd.
Struggling 'gainst tyranny's recurring wave
They heard his voice, all-powerful to save;
(A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed
Power from attempting schemes that cunning framed,)
With energy renew'd then upwards sprung,
And firmly to their rock of safety clung.

As falls the mighty column in its pride,
Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and died.
Perish'd a statesman as erect and great,
As from its watch-tower e'er o'erlook'd the state.

Political Economy ! how few (e)
Through thy strange labyrinth can find a clue !
Soon as he enters it, the Tyro's lost,
On every side by turns of "value" crost.
Then let Ricardo, mighty guide, direct
His steps ! let Malthus shout each different sect !

Dear is our country to us, *dear* our law,
As perfect as a gem without a flaw :
Were he alive the dicast-lashing bard,
Whose wit is brilliant, though 'tis somewhat hard,
Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe (f)
At virtuous England's fee-receiving tribe ?
While Justice with her well-poised balance stands,
The weights pass slowly through a thousand hands.

Since some there are who, menaced with a jail,
Invent, by conscience unappall'd, a tale ;
Who join a company whose traffic lies
In certain wares, that men call perjuries ;
Who live begirt by knaves from day to day
On alms supplied them by the law's delay.

Invention comes, unfolding every hour,
Of steam the almost preternatural power.
What cannot mind achieve whose magic skill
Rules this reluctant element at will ?
It may perchance some mightier power create,
That now in depths of night its fiat wait.
Improvement points to paths yet unexplored,
Where realms of science richest spoils afford.

Hundreds, where one but formerly essay'd,
Attempt through learning's deepest paths to wade :
Fame's temple with her thousand portals still
Is placed on high ; but all ascend the hill.

Ye few secure yon heights above to keep
Your stations now—is this a time to sleep?
The mild interpreter of Nature now
Had been a Faustus centuries ago, (^g)
Nor God, nor Dæmon scarcely prized, no more,
He adds his mite unto the common store,
The gain of patient thought; meanwhile increase
Through mutual intercourse the gifts of peace.
Commerce, the nurse of Freedom, rears afar
Her flag triumphant o'er wide-wasting war.
Though Prejudice still struggles to maintain
Her long ascendancy, she strives in vain.

The “Georgics of the mind,” so widely spread
Is knowledge, make the rudest hind well-bred.
Beggars in metaphor your alms entreat,
And low-born knaves like Gentlemen can cheat.
Milkmaids write flowing lines on purling rills,
And Owen's happy children dance quadrilles.
Some master minds there are, that still excel
The rest, as Davy's vast discoveries tell;

Unrivall'd in his art, with what success,
He bore the Torch through Chemistry's recess !
From age to age his deep research shall wake
Some genius slumbering else on Lethe's lake,
Whose talents in a moment may, by chance,
For years the knowledge of his art advance.

The sun of science in its noonday blaze
Glorious would strike our Bacon with amaze,
Were he again revisiting this earth
To view its progress, as he hail'd its birth.

But genius came all-perfect from above,
As sprung Minerva from the head of Jove,
Play'd in bold lightnings o'er the Theban's lyre,
And shone round Homer's head a crown of fire :
Fresh as their air, and brilliant as their sky,
Flow'd on the deep stream of their Poesy.
In lovely Greece, while yet the world was young,
Pregnant with intellect such Poets sung ;

In that fair clime, by subtle Taste refined
Came forth the rich creations of the mind.
Beauty and wit, bright idols of the crowd,
Beneath a veil of allegory glow'd.

Are not our Bards of olden times confest
By all to be more potent than the rest ?

Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to call (^h)
Thee, Moralist, Bard, Sage, or all in all ;
May I approach thy intellectual throne,
While now all spirits are to thee as known
As once on earth mankind, and bow the knee,
Thou Idol of an English heart, to thee.

What but thy wondrous *talent* could display
Such perfect samples of the grave and gay ?
As Hamlet's melancholy mood we quit
For Hal's light *badinage* and Falstaff's wit. (ⁱ)
Compared with thine, the noblest dramas fraught
With genius, are but rudiments of thought ;

And images the bard profusely pours,
As if he never could exhaust his stores,
On every glowing verse, but give the change
Of a few fancies circumscribed in range.
Invention's unborn sons might yet produce
Works, bending Nature's will to human use ;
Another Watt may bless mankind ; but when
Shall Shakspeare's inspiration live again ?

Shakspeare, the glorious morning-star that cheer'd
Our dawn of literature, has disappear'd ;
What light has since uprisen to adorn
The noon, as that illumed the purple morn ?
One like a meteor (^k) (Nations gazed, admired,)
Rush'd on our sight, blazed momentarily, expired.
Its radiance, flashing on our memory, warms
Us still ; in dreams its noble aspect charms.
The rage for all that's marvellous and new
Pervades the crowd, a love of truth but few.

With Shakspeare and the Northern Seer content,
Why heed we what inferior minds invent ?

Far as our language spreads, from clime to clime,
Is Shakspeare's muse upborne on wings of time :
Thousands unborn her glorious flight shall hail :—
Nature is ever felt though customs fail.

Now Authors come at Fashion's call in haste
To please with varied food the public taste.
Well ! they are idols of the day, and have
All that they want—what 's fame beyond the grave ?
An unsubstantial glare that flickers o'er
Ambition's dangerous eminence, no more —
Let Milton wait posterity's award,
'Tis present gain that charms the modern bard.
A bard triumphant, disregarding facts,
Some known event from History's page extracts :
Drawn from a Poem that just praise hath won,
The tale is through a lengthen'd novel spun ;

Here fiction o'er a *wider* surface blends
Itself with truth, and common sense offends.

Are not the Novelists whose bright renown
Blazed through all Italy—now scarcely known?
Except Boccaccio; (He who reads *must* smile
At his fine wit, and love his perfect style.)
And yet the gems that from invention's mine
They drew, than ours more beautifully shine.

A tale of real life by Fashion wove,
Each has its season, high and low approve.
Another follows, incidents surprise—
And scenes of woe with tears fill loveliest eyes.

As a high-crested wave o'ertops the rest,
Then foaming breaks on Ocean's heaving breast;
Thus towers awhile, his Brother-Bards among,
Some mightier Poet, how sublime in song!
Till, on the wide expanse of ages cast,
He's caught within oblivion's gulf at last!

Since thoughts successive in another sphere,
Excel those of our brightest moments here :
Why should *he* seek distinction, which acquired,
He may hereafter scorn, though now desired !
Unless the master-spirits of this earth
Then relatively greater shall shine forth.

How oft in bygone days we loved to quote
Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote ; (1)
Or that sweet lay, in which while he adored
“ Mary in Heaven,” poor Burns his soul outpour’d ;
To snatch, (can words the depth or breadth express
Of Wordsworth) ’raptured with their loveliness,
The pearls of wisdom, that, beneath his stream
Of poetry, as pure as Derwent’s, gleam.
Oh these are Poets we may call divine ;
Like Angels standing in the Sun, they shine.
Point out to us exultingly the way
That leads to Truth’s abode as bright as day.
They give the freshest hue to every flower
Year after year ; they waken thoughts that tower

Above our sordid schemes on earth ; they blend
Emotions here, with those which heavenward tend.
May we, once having past death's confines, see
In their own orbs the great, the good, the free :
That "old man eloquent" (^m) whose mind was stored
With ancient, modern lore, a boundless hoard !
Whose genius e'en o'er common subjects threw
Embroidery of language ever new !

Newton ! La Place ! what mind can comprehend
The worlds through which all-seeing they ascend !
While to their gaze as crystal mirrors clear,
The wonders of the Universe appear.
As knowledge burns within them, on their sight
In full perspective burst the realms of light,
One blaze, no momentary cloud obscures,
Such as the eye of mind alone endures !
From strength to strength, unclogg'd by grosser sense,
Progressive grows each fine intelligence.
The shades of mystery vanishing, at last
All harmonize—the present—future—past—

Like interchange of sunbeams, thought with thought
Has quick communion,—wisdom comes unsought ;
And mind with all the sciences instinct
That rainbow-like are blended yet distinct,
With mind converses ; Envy never throws
One shadow there where Love's pure effluence flows.
Oh what ineffable delight above,
To know, to feel, that all around is love !

Though broken be the lute, the magic skill
Of the musician lives within him still.
Shall not that efflux bright from Heaven, the mind,
Survive the ruins of its "corporal rind ?"
Crown'd with transcendant splendours far and wide,
Then range, and Time's decaying touch deride.
Drawing by turns into itself whate'er
It sees around that's wonderful or fair ?
Collecting knowledge infinite each hour,
As the Bee gathers sweets from every flower.
Beings we partially imagine now,
Gay creatures of our day-dreams, then will glow

Star-like in lustre, beauteous as that morn,
When above Eden's mount the Day-God rose new-born,
Will pass in waves of light the mind before
That *then* may dare their nature to explore,
Whatever be its element ; or flame,
Or finer essence that we cannot name.

NOTES.

NOTES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

- (^a) *Cethegus shines alike with talents rare,
Or in St. Giles's, or in Grosvenor-square.*

It is the boast of a very sporting character, that he is equally *at home* at the Beggar's Opera in St. Giles's, and at Carlton Palace.

- (^b) *So strange is taste, that some do not disdain
To breathe the wholesome air of Maiden-lane.*

The celebrated Professor Porson passed several "noctes atticæ" at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, where, as Moore says of the famous Tom Crib, he shone the *νεφεληγερίτα Ζεύς* of surrounding gods.

- (^c) *Nor Ude's best fare.*

Ude, a distinguished French cook, who has published a

work on the famous art of cookery. It certainly is "caviare to the general."

(d) *Compared with his, e'en Egan's sports are tame.*

Whoever wishes to be acquainted with a pious prank of the celebrated Earl of Wharton, may peruse No. 22 of the *Examiner*, written by Dean Swift, who there relates a truly edifying anecdote of his Lordship. Mr. Egan, in his "Life in London," has given a most attractive picture of the pleasures, which those who are initiated in the mysteries of fashion may enjoy in the Metropolis.

su per le dita

Tutte di Londra le taverne e i bagni,
E i cavalli più rapidi, e di galli
Più bellicosi, e di più chiara stirpe,
E i più tremendi pugili.—*Pindemonte.*

When there are so many employments for a man of spirit, who would be idle? we leave it to Frenchmen

Sauter, danser, faire l'amour,
Et boire vin blanc et vermeil;
Et ne rien faire tout le jour,
Que compter escus au soleil.—*Rabelais.*

Here let *me* rest in this sweet solitude,
Where knaves and parasites shall ne'er intrude!
No bacchanals are here, to give pretence
For wild excess, or ruinous expense:

In yon delightful wood I love to hear,
Though strange may seem the notes, a welcome cheer.
The birds, by nature fed, ask nought of me ;
Theirs is at least no counterfeited glee.
Is not this better than among the crowd
To fret, and gaze, and cringe before the proud ? —— *MS.*

NOTES ON THE SECOND EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

(*) *When Kemble, like the god-like hero, shone.*

It is an epoch in a man's life to have seen Kemble in Coriolanus. I have no more an abstract idea of Coriolanus as separated from Kemble, than Martinus Scriblerus had of a Lord Mayor without his insignia of office, his gold chain, &c. This great actor possessed the qualities necessary to make a first-rate tragedian in an eminent degree ; but his distinguishing excellence was *taste*, which, in an ode, spoken at a public dinner given to Mr. Kemble upon his retirement from the stage, is thus beautifully described by the most refined poet of the present day :—

Taste, like the silent gnomon's power,
To which supernal light is given ;
That dials inspiration's hour,
And tells its height in Heaven.

(b) *At once their world of poetry and wit !*

Shakspeare, Massinger, Fletcher ! whom we might thus address in the language of an excellent modern poet,

Illustres animæ ! si quid mortalia tangunt
Cœlicolas ! si gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ ;
Vos precor, antiquum vos instaure vigorem ;
Ut tandem excusso nitamur ad ardua somno,
Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.

Hawkins Browne, De Animi immortalitate.

(c) *Like Machiavel in politics.*

“ It has been contended by some of Machiavel’s apologists that his real object in unfolding and systematizing the mysteries of *King-Craft*, was to point out indirectly to the people the means by which the encroachments of their rulers might be most effectually resisted ; and at the same time to satirize under the ironical mask of loyal and courtly admonition, the characteristical vices of princes. But although this hypothesis has been sanctioned by several distinguished names, and derives some verisimilitude from various incidents in the author’s life, it will be found on examination quite untenable ; and accordingly it is now, I believe, very generally rejected. One thing is certain, that if such were actually Machiavel’s views, they were much too refined for the capacity of his royal pupils.”

See Dugald Stewart’s Preface to the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

(^d) *Yet politics are but ephemeral things.*

“ The very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect,” as the author of the “ Confessions of an English Opium Eater” says.

(^e) *Kings, though the world's progressive, will be kings :
Statesmen are statesmen still.*

La bonne foi, dit le Sénateur Nani, manquera dans l'exécution des traitez tant que vivra l'intérêt ; et l'intérêt vivra tant que les princes regneront.

L'Empereur Maximilien disoit que les princes ne s'arrêtoient pas au texte de leurs traitez et de leurs capitulations, mais à la glose, c'est à dire, à l'interprétation qu'ils y vouloient donner.

*Lettres du Cardinal d'Ossat, avec les Notes de
M. Amelot de la Houssaie.*

(^f) *The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose.*

The great Jeremy Taylor, of whom an eloquent writer in the Edinburgh Review thus justly says : “ We will venture to assert that there is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery, more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions, more new figures, and new applications of old figures, more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry, than in all the odes, and the epics that have since been produced in Europe.

Article on Ford's Dramatic Works, August 1811.

(g) *Notes tersely pencill'd show sententious wit.*

As Witwould says in Congreve's "Way of the World,"
 "Thou hast uttered folios in less than decimo sexto, my
 dear Lacedemonian; Sirrah Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words."

(h) *Philips will sell their gewgaws that amaze, &c.*

Mine eyes have made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd;
 Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
 A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
 Heaven's abstract or epitome.—*City Madam.*

Such was the wealth displayed in the house of a celebrated character, who rivalled in magnificence the Sultan of Gazna, or Musicanus.

(i) *Who buys not glittering toys when very dear.*

This line may appear absurd to those who have not been at fashionable auction-rooms, nor have witnessed the competition that there is among bidders to purchase articles of no intrinsic value whatever, merely because they belonged to a "Man of Fashion." I have known books to bring a very high price at auctions because they were collected by a black-letter hunter, which might have been bought for half the sum at many booksellers' shops in London.

(^k) *Who loves to breathe, &c.*

I am indebted for this idea to the following beautiful passage in Tom Jones.

“ It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect, we have before described, to his eye. And now having sent forth streams of light which ascended to the firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty uprose the Sun ; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented ; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.”

This is the portrait of a fictitious personage ; but I see in it a close resemblance to one whose memory I shall never cease to venerate !

(¹) *Burke says ambition is too bold a vice.*

“ Avarice is a rival to the pursuits of many. It finds a multitude of checks, and many opposers in every walk of life. But the objects of ambition are for the few, and every person who aims at indirect profit, and therefore wants other protection than innocence and law, instead of its rival becomes its instrument. There is a natural allegiance and

fealty due to this domineering paramount evil from all the vassal vices, which acknowledge its superiority, and readily militate under its banners ; and it is under that discipline alone that avarice is able to spread to any considerable extent, or to render itself a general public mischief.”—*Burke’s Speech on the Nabob of Arcot’s Debts.*

Così cresce ’l desir vile et immondo
 Del crudel oro, et l’ insatiabil rabbia,
 Onde non gusta huom mai viver giocondo.

Ariosto, Satira Quarta.

(^m) *Crispus with studied negligence will speak.*

Il ne faut pas juger des hommes comme d’un tableau, ou d’une figure sur une seule et première vûe ; il y a un intérieur et un cœur qu’il faut approfondir : le voile de la modestie couvre le mérite, et le masque de l’hypocrisie cache la malignité ; il n’y a qu’un très-petit nombre de connoisseurs qui discerne, et qui soit en droit de prononcer ; ce n’est que peu à peu, et forcés même par le temps et les occasions, que la vertu parfaite et le vice consommé viennent enfin à se déclarer.

NOTES ON THE THIRD EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

- (^a) *When life, and light and love, the trinal beam,
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream.*

————— Noi semo usciti fuore
Del maggior corpo al Ciel, ch' è pura luce ;
Luce intellettual piena d' amore,
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,
Letizia, che trascende ogni dolore.

Dante Del Paradiso, Canto 30.

- (^b) *Then in my mind are suddenly revived
The days when SIDNEY, 'flower of knighthood,' lived.*

How delightful is the character of Sir Philip Sidney, as given by Dr. Zouch !—" The elegance of his manners ; the versatility of his genius, adapting itself to the acquisition of universal knowledge ; his unbounded munificence ; his amiable demeanour in domestic life ; his tender feelings for the miseries of those persecuted Protestants, who in defence

of their religion and liberties, resisted the savage insolence of Spanish tyranny; the suavity of his disposition, so alluring that he was, as it were, nursed in the lap of the Graces; an experience above his years; an invincible patience under the most acute sufferings—all these qualities will render his name grateful to future ages. His dignified and winning deportment filled every beholder with delight.”—*Zouch’s Memoirs of Sidney*, page 349.

(c) “*That now one boundless present will endure.*”

“One boundless Present—one eternal Now.”—*Young*.

(d) *And the columnar cactus towers unto the skies.*

“The hill of calcareous breccia which we have just regarded as an island in the ancient gulf, is covered with a thick forest, of columnar cactus and opuntia. Some thirty or forty feet high, covered with lichens, and divided into several branches in the form of candelabras, wear a singular appearance. Near Maniquarez, at Punta Araya, we measured a cactus, the trunk of which was four feet nine inches in circumference.”—*Humboldt’s Personal Narrative*.

(e) *This gifted Being, to the haunts of men*

Preferr’d the mountain’s height, or lonely glen.

The following beautiful lines, extracted from the tragedy of COUNT JULIAN, are applicable to a great Poet, and

excellent Man, who is shadowed out under the character of Eumolpus.

No airy or light passion stirs abroad
 To ruffle or to soothe him ; all are quell'd
 Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind !
 Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men :
 As often-times an ' Eagle,' when the sun
 Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
 Stands solitary, stands immovable
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye
 Clear, constant, unobservant, unabash'd
 In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

Count Julian, Act v. Scene 2.

(f) *One might his highly polish'd wit compare
 To the snow-diamond beautiful and rare.*

“ The most frequent colours of the diamond, as already mentioned, are the white and grey ; and of these the most highly prized by the Jeweller are the snow-white.”—*Jamieson's Mineralogy.*

(g) *Yet praise is dear to all—the world's, alas,
 (As wet and dry affect the weather-glass)
 Or given or withheld can raise or sink
 The spirits, 'tis for that we act and think.*

“ Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit.”—*Horat. Ep.*

(^h) *Antimachus, (since such a name the Muse
Reluctant for the wayward youth must choose.)*

Antimachus in the “Nubes of Aristophanes,” according to the scholiast, is a very handsome and very profligate youth.

(ⁱ) *But with alternate colours dark and bright,
The glaring contrast shocks the moral sight.*

Such a contrast of colours was exhibited in the characters of the Alcibiadeses, Cesars, Whartons, and Bolingbrokes of their day: the character of Lord Bolingbroke is so admirably painted by Lord Chesterfield, that I will make no apology for introducing it here, though it be well known.

“ Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more shining from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterised not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum: His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed

to all the extravagancy of the most frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger—Ambition.”

(^k) *Happy as Demonax.*

Demonax was the good Philosopher of Cyprus, as described by Lucian: he lived to the age of a hundred. He was a wit, a man of genius, and a virtuous citizen.

NOTES ON THE FOURTH EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

(^a) *Till in the sun her crisped smiles she wreathes.*

That o'er the interminable ocean wreathes
Your crisped smiles.

*Potter's translation of the Prometheus Vincit
of Æschylus.*

Non avea pur Natura ivi dipinto,
Ma di soavità di mille odori
Vi facea incognito indistinto.—*Dante.*

(^b) *A ballet at the Opera it seems.*

There is nothing certainly in the artificial world more attractive than an Opera ballet, where for a time you seem to be transported among "*amoretti alati*," scenes worthy of Paradise, roseate clouds and "gay creatures of the element."

Quæ nec mortales dignantur visere cœtus,
Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

Thus Venus look'd, when from the waveless sea
 She rose ; (her rising Nature smiled to see,)
 Loosely enrobed, and brighter than the morn
 On car of young Hyperion upborne ;
 Fresh as the rose, her limbs impearl'd with spray,
 In floating shell the Queen of Rapture lay :
 Admiring Mermaids throng'd to grace her train,
 The Syrens sang, and Nereids skimm'd the main.

MS.

(c) *Though timid cocknies scorn, a nerveless race.*

In spite of the ridicule of Fielding and other writers, I will venture to say, that those only depreciate the pleasures of the chase who know not how to enjoy them : the songs of Tyrtæus, who roused his countrymen to battle, and infused into them an unconquerable courage, are not more spirit-stirring than the verses on the Epwell hunt.—*Vol. 3, page 457, Daniel's Rural Sports, 4to edition.*

Even the greatest philosophers have enjoyed, and the greatest poets have extolled, the pleasures of the chase. Diogenes Laertius describes Xenophon as fond of the sports of the field. Virgil's fine lines in the third book of his Georgics are well known,

Sæpe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,
 Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas.
 Sæpe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros
 Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos
 Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cævum.

And Dryden in his letter to his Cousin, with more poetical animation, perhaps, than knowledge of sporting, says,

With crowds attended of your ancient race
 You seek the champaign sports, or sylvan chase ;
 With well breathed beagles you surround the wood,
 Even then industrious of the common good ;
 And often have you brought the wily fox
 To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ;
 Chased even amid the folds, and made to bleed
 Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.

Sir Francis Burdett, perhaps the most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, is not the worse orator for being “ a good Meltonian.”

(^d) *Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme.*

In a “ priced Roxburghe catalogue,” are the following books or tracts :

No. 3268. The Passetyme of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawys. 4to. very rare. London, Wynken de Worde, 1517. 81l.

No. 3284. The Castell of Pleasure. 4to. very scarce. Wynken de Worde. 64l.

What earthly *pleasure* these “ Castells and Passetymes” give to the possessor, it is not perhaps very easy to determine ; but, as the noble author of “ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” justly observes,

“ A book’s a book although there’s nothing in it.”

(^e) Political economy is a study as yet in its infancy ; and so it will continue to be, as long as men are not agreed about the precise terms by which they would convey their ideas on this most interesting subject.

Is value absolute or relative ? Are values of commodities to each other as values of their labours ? Is labour or money the most accurate measure of value ? Can there be such a thing as an invariable measure of value ?

The disciples of Ricardo and Malthus differ upon points of essential importance. Are profits solely governed by the value of the last lands that are taken into cultivation ? May not saving from revenue, to add to capital, be carried to too great an extent ? Is it true that if one branch of trade be overstocked, some other must necessarily be understocked ? Are a body of unproductive consumers necessary to stimulate demand and to increase production ?

(^f) *Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe ?*

Aristophanes: see his "Vespæ," in which the courts of justice at Athens are severely satirized. But, after all, who would form his opinion of those courts from the lively, caustic representations of a satirical comic poet ? As well might posterity form its opinion of a House of Commons in the reigns of Queen Anne, or the first George, from Swift's famous description of the "Legion Club."

Great praise is due to Mr. Peel and Mr. Brougham (in the great work of reforming the law they may be classed

together as fellow-labourers in the same vineyard,) for their exertions in endeavouring to remove the anomalies that are everywhere apparent in our civil as well as criminal code of jurisprudence.

“It is not possible, indeed, to estimate how valuable an offer he makes to society who gives it a single good law. There are but few words, perhaps, that compose it; but in those few words may be involved an amount of good, increasing progressively with each generation, which, if it could have been known in all its amplitude to the legislator at the time when he contrived his project, would have dazzled and overwhelmed his very power of thought. What is true of a new law, that relates to some positive institution, is, as may be supposed, equally true of those laws which merely repeal and remedy the past; since a single error in policy may, in long continuance, produce as much evil, as a single wise enactment may in its long continuance produce good.”—*Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. 4. page 354.

(s) *Had been a Faustus centuries ago.*

The disposition of the people in former days to attribute any new discovery to magic, is apparent in the following anecdote of Otto Gurike, (who lived about the year 1640,) a wealthy magistrate of Magdeburgh, the discoverer of the air-pump.

“Gurike took great pleasure in a huge water barometer

erected in his house. It consisted of a tube above thirty feet high, rising along the wall and terminated by a tall and rather wide tube, hermetically sealed, containing a toy of the shape of a man. The whole being filled with water and set in a balance on the ground, the column of liquor settled to the proper altitude, and left the toy floating on its surface; but all the lower part of the tube being concealed under the wainscoating, the little image or weather mannikin, as he was called, made its appearance only when raised up to view in fine weather. 'This whimsical contrivance, which received the name of amenscope, or *semper vivum*, excited among the populace vast admiration: and the worthy magistrate was in consequence shrewdly suspected of being too familiar with the powers of darkness.'—*Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica*, art. *Barometer*.

(^h) *The sun of science, in its noonday blaze*

Glorious, would strike our Bacon with amaze.

The progress which may be made in the sublime science of astronomy is thus splendidly described by La Place.

“ We will ascertain whether the motions of rotation and revolution of the earth are sensibly changed by the changes which it experiences at its surface, and by the impact of meteoric stones, which according to all probability come from the depths of the heavenly regions. The new comets which will appear, those which moving in hyperbolic orbits wander from one system to another, the returns of those

which move in elliptic orbits, and the changes in the form and intensity of light which they undergo at each appearance, will be observed ; and also the perturbations which all those stars produce in the planetary motions, those which they experience themselves, and which at approach to a large planet may entirely derange their motions ; finally, the changes which the motions and orbits of the planets and satellites experience from the action of the stars, and perhaps likewise from the resistance of the ethereal media ; such are the principal objects which the solar system offers to the investigation of future astronomers and mathematicians.”—*La Place’s System of the World. Harté’s Translation*, vol. 2, p. 241.

(i) *As Hamlet’s melancholy mood we quit*
For Hal’s light badinage and Falstaff’s wit.

How beautifully Goëthe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, delineates the character of Hamlet ! It is too long to give in a note, but I have ventured to introduce the concluding part of this admirable exposition.

“ To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul *unfit* for the performance of it. In this view, the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom : the roots expand ; the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the

strength of nerve which forms a hero, shrinks beneath a burden it cannot bear and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and turns and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts, yet still without recovering his peace of mind.

(^k) *Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to call.*

“He unites in his existence the utmost elevation and the utmost depth; and the most foreign and even apparently irreconcilable properties subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child.”—*Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii.*

(^l) Byron.

(^m) *Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote.*

How beautiful and unaffected are the following lines in the Epistle addressed by Pope to the Earl of Oxford!

“ And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a soul like thine.
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.”

And yet there are writers who have asserted that Pope was no Poet, that he was a mere versifier, and deficient in natural feeling !

(ⁿ) Burke.

THE
QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FÊTE.

Come forth,
And taste the air of palaces,

BEN JONSON'S "ALCHEMIST."

THE
QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FÊTE.

I.

THE Queen of fair Golconda is "at home :"
Her palace (its immensities must bar
Description) is of gold ; the blazing dome
Of one entire ruby, from afar
Shines like the sun in his autumnal car
Crowning a saffron mountain ; e'en the proud
Zamorim's palace is as a twinkling star ^(a)
Compared with this. And now the tromp aloud
Proclaims the guests are come to an admiring crowd.

II.

The ceilings, crusted o'er with diamonds, blaze,
A galaxy of stars, room after room !
The lights interminable all amaze ;
But far more dazzling are the fair in bloom
Of youth, whose eyes kind answering looks illumine.
Ah ! where the Muse of greater bards must fail
In painting female charms, shall mine presume
To try her hand ? though similes be stale,
Yet she to Fancy's eye their beauties will unveil.

III.

As delicately shaped as the gazelle ;
As beautiful as is the blush of morn ;
As gay as Hebe, ere, alas ! she fell ;
Fair as Dione in her car upborne
By little Loves, while Tritons wind the horn ;
Splendid as young Zenobia in their dress
(Crowns bright as sunny beams their hair adorn)
They were. This perfect festival to bless,
Art, Beauty, Nature, Grace, combine their loveliness !

IV.

Oh Youth and Beauty ! Nature's choicest gems,
All Art's adornments ye for aye outshine :
Far more attractive than the diadems
That ever glitter'd on the brow divine
Of the wise king, or, great Darius, thine.
Though time may dim your lustre, in my heart
Your charms shall be enshrined, while life is mine.
Yet sad experience will this truth impart
To loveliest maid on earth—a fading thing thou art.

V.

The Prophet has not to his faithful given
(So prodigal of what *he* could not give)
Such bliss refined in *his* Arabian Heaven,
As that which they enjoy who here arrive.
Vain bliss indeed ! that through a night may live !
Let but her joys be guiltless, Mirth again
Will, when the season sweet returns, revive !
Then let to-morrow bring or bliss or pain :
All are united now by Pleasure's flowery chain.

VI.

Fair silver pillars grace the spacious halls :
The pavement is mosaic ; precious stones
Enrich with intermingling hues the walls ;
And emerald vines o'er canopy the thrones,
Robed in all colours that the Pavone (^b) owns.
And music, with its magic influence, makes
The heart responsive to its tender tones :
A master-spirit now the harp awakes,
Till to its inmost core each hearer's bosom shakes !

VII.

And here and there from golden urns arise,
Impregn'd with perfumes, purple clouds,—that throw,
Like hues just caught from fair Ausonia's skies, (^c)
Throughout the palace an Elysian glow,—
Odorous as roses when they newly blow.
And couches, splendid as the gorgeous light
Of the declining sun, or high or low,
As suits capricious luxury, invite
To sweet repose indeed each pleasure-laden wight.

VIII.

I pass the dance, the converse soft between,
As fly the hours along with rapid pace.
Lo ! in her chair of state Golconda's Queen
Sits goddess-like ; majestic is her face,
Yet mild, as well becomes her pride of place.
Even Fatima in pomp of beauty ne'er (^d)
Received fair Montague with such a grace
As this all-beauteous Queen withouten glare
Of rank receives her guests—how winning is her air !

IX.

Profusely gay, th' exuberance of joy
All feel ; all feel their spirits mounting high !
One feast of happiness, that ne'er can cloy,
Life seems to them, though death perchance be nigh.
Why should fair bosoms ever heave a sigh ?
Life is with love so closely knit, what kills
Love in young breasts may dim the brightest eye.
Yet tears, that eloquently speak of ills,
Are as medicinal balm when grief the heart o'erfills.

X.

In whirls fantastical the waters dance,
Springing from fountains jasper-paved ; the noon
Of night their sparkling freshness doth enhance.
How glorious is the cupola ! a moon
Of pearl shines mildly o'er the vast saloon.
Fair Queen of night, shall Art then imitate
Thy quiet majesty ? in sooth as soon
Might the poor pageantries of regal state
On earth, Heaven's matchless splendours vainly emu-
late !

XI.

The banquet is prepared with sumptuous cost ;
Flagons of massive gold here flame around !
Amid the piles of wealth distinction 's lost,
And splendours without end, the mind astound !
All that can feast the senses here abound ;
Invention's highly-gifted sons unfold
(So fine their art, the like was never found,)
Peris most exquisitely wrought in gold,
And other delicate sprights in Eastern fables told !

XII.

As if "instinct with living spirits," sing
Birds of a thousand colours ; and their hues,
Brilliant as flowers that o'er the meads in spring
Their gay variety of tints diffuse,
Would e'en the painter's shrewdest ken confuse.
And Art, how wonderful ! has raised a tree
To rival Nature ; (for such toys amuse
Those who despise dear Nature's charms,) and see
As the boughs stir—the birds all join in harmony. (e)

XIII.

Wealth, inexhaustible as Danæ's shower,
That pen can scarcely blazon, thought conceive,
Excels not in itself the meanest flower
That Innocence within her hair might weave
Wandering on Avon's banks, this lovely eve !
Even Nature's humblest things can stir those deep
Feelings within us that will ne'er deceive.
Cherish these deep-sown feelings, ye shall reap
A harvest of delight, when Pride in dust shall sleep.

XIV.

Not that I scorn this *fête* unparagon'd :
'Tis like a well-spring amid desert sands,
Or a rich vale where Flora sits enthroned,
Surrounded by bleak hills, and barren lands !
What cynic would destroy love's rosy bands ?
The paths of life are thorny ; o'er our heads
Those grim magicians, Cares, uplift their wands !
Why marvel, then, that youth their influence dreads,
And basks him in the rays the sun of beauty sheds ?

April, 1824.

NOTES ON
THE QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FETE.

(^a) See the seventh book of Camoëns' *Lusiad*.

(^b) And wings it had with sondry colours dight
More sondry colours than the proud *Pavone*
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright :
When her discolour'd bow she bends through Heaven's
height.—*Spenser*.

(^c) *Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo.*—*Virgil*.

The setting sun produced the richest variety of tints in the opposite sky; among them was a lovely violet glow, rarely, if ever seen, in England.—*Dallaway's Constantinople*.

(^d) The following splendid description of the beauty and

attractive manners of the "fair Fatima," is from Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.

"She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

"After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

“She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered : her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds ; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.”

(c) Among other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. x. p. 38, 8vo. edition.

THE VIEW.

Say, why was man so eminently raised,
Amid the vast creation ? Why ordain'd,
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal power,
As in a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice ; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering.

Akenside.

THE VIEW. (a)

I.

THE world has seen much change ; yet here art thou,
Mont Blanc, while generations pass away ;
Thy vast heights glistening with untrodden snow,
On which the sun at eve imprints his ray ;
There lingers yet the mild farewell of day.
The blue lake sleeps below in tranquil sheen ;
Here among Nature's miracles I'll pray
To Nature's Deity ; how vast the scene !
The loveliest works of God—the grandest too are seen !

II.

Here from our slumbers light we rise to feel
The consciousness of being ; fresh and free
The soul pours forth its orisons with zeal
To the great Spirit of Eternity
That was, that is, and shall for ever be.
The fertile valleys, giant mountains, prove
The Omnipresence of the Deity !
Blest emblems of his wisdom, power, and love,
Pervading all things here—around, below, above.

III.

The golden sun has colour'd all the woods !
Fresh views succeed ; each brighter than the last !
There barren rocks are channell'd by the floods,
Here Flora's beauties cannot be surpast.
Lausanne, an universe of charms thou hast !
There Winter's fetter'd in his icy bed :
Steeps rise o'er steeps immeasurably vast :
While the rude crags, projecting overhead,
Strike in the stoutest hearts a momentary dread !

IV.

The ambitious rhododendron climbs the snow ;
Pines darken round the mountain's sides ; behold !
A thousand rills from icy caverns flow,
Rushing o'er rocks irregularly bold,
Where the tenacious sapling keeps its hold :
Below the dark stream with collected force
Still rolling on, as it has ever roll'd,
Through the wide plains shapes its resistless course,
As rude as Ocean's self; as grand as is its source.

V.

Look on these glorious wonders ! think of Him,
Lord of a million worlds, that have, perchance,
Greater phenomena !—mine eyes grow dim,
With gazing on these heights as we advance :
Now all things seem enveloped in a trance,
Save when at times the avalanche doth fall,
Startling the ear ; still at a vast distance
The masses of thick-ribbed ice appal
The soul, as if they form'd the world's extremest wall !

VI.

The prospect lengthens: far and far beneath
See cities, mansions, beautifully placed,
While the smoke rises in a frequent wreath
From cottages by greenest arbours graced.
These, like man's proudest works, may be defaced
By War's unsparing hand; but yonder trees,
Self-planted, by thick-woven shrubs embraced,
They with their towering grandeur long will please:
How can the spoiler's axe fell forests such as these?

VII.

The buoyancy of spirits, the wild hope
Of something undefinable, the joy
Of giving thus to all my feelings scope,
Feelings, which man's injustice can't destroy—
These bring back former years, and I'm a boy,
Joyful as sailor in his bounding bark,
Whose rapid course no sudden squalls annoy;
Wild as the stag that spurns his narrow park,
Light as the young chamois (^b), blythe as the mountain lark!

VIII.

Is not the soul immortal ? Whence its thought ?
Its constant aspirations after bliss ?
Its vast capacity for good, if nought
But a fortuitous element it is ?
Away, nor preach a doctrine such as this !
For, by yon blessed sun-rise, there 's a road,
Be but our faith unmoved, we cannot miss,
That leads us to that ever-blest abode
Where Mind perceives all things, not as here, thro'
a cloud.

IX.

At Vevai lies our Ludlow ; there he dwelt,
The patriot exile ; there he loved to roam ;
There to the Father of all Mercies knelt :
There Freedom woo'd him in her own sweet home,
Presenting to his view an ample tome
Wherein was writ (in characters how true)
That an unyielding spirit doth become
Man, when the many govern'd by the few
Give to their masters praise that to their God is due.

X.

Yes! the fresh air that penetrates around
Bids us think nobly; mountains, too, sublime
The soul; the free-wing'd things that here abound,
Tell us that passive virtue is a crime,
When tyrants would destroy the work of time!
Gaze on! thy feelings here will teach thee more
Than doubtful legends, or than lying rhyme;
Gaze on, and Heaven's magnificence adore!
Does not thine heart exult now to its very core?

XI.

But, gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail (°)
With thy dark doctrines, and ascetic pride,
Where the ripe harvest smiles along the vale,
Where glows the vintage near Lake Lemman's tide,
And all was mirth and cheerfulness beside?
Why didst thou not to northern regions hie,
Or in some dreary wilderness abide?
Why spread thy faith where Heav'n and earth deny
The truths of thy heart-withering creed of destiny?

XII.

Yet Genius, eagle-eyed, has dared to raise
The torch of truth on high, and here his few,
His favour'd sons look'd up, with unblench'd gaze,
On its eternal brightness; those who knew
The dignity of man, and prized it too.
Alas! to her, whose philosophic mind
Show'd more than manly strength, a long adieu!
What, tho' her thoughts were somewhat too refin'd,^(d)
She yet was Freedom's daughter—Pride of woman-kind!

XIII.

Sweet wanderer! art thou not happy now,
Climbing the mountain steep with fairy feet,
Thy cheeks carnation'd with health's vivid glow,
Not flushing with the ball-room's impure heat?
Is not thy simple rural feast more sweet
Than gorgeous suppers? and the lovely things
That court thy steps, companions far more meet
For Nature's child, than those poor vain worldlings
Who taint a woman's heart, then pierce it with their
stings?

XIV.

Thou might'st a model to Canova be
For young Diana, with thy steps of lightness ;
And none of living sculptors, none save he,
Could image forth thy look of angel brightness.
His Psyche's scarce excels thy bosom's whiteness !
Such as thou art, all-beauteous, and all-fair,
Oh, may'st thou never trust the world's *politeness*,
But always breathe with joy as pure an air,
Fresh as is yon wild-flower, that shuns the sun's full
glare.

XV.

Had man no other duties (°) he might live
In yonder vale ; his second Paradise ;
Enjoying all that pure content can give :
And while he lives, be, without learning, wise,
Winning by silent prayer his heavenly prize.
But this must never be : he can't forsake
His post, though stung by calumny and lies.
No ! rather let him be the more awake !
Give back his foemen blows that he is forced to take.

XVI.

It is the lot of all to be reviled,
And who can hope to 'scape that general lot ?
Not I: the traitor-friend, who lately smiled
And cringed before me, now remembers not
Past favours; what, are benefits forgot ?
Ay more, ingratitude will cant, and hate,
Hate, with his ready sponge, will quickly blot
Out from the memory's tablet, sign or date
Of friendship there ; and then hypocrisy will prate !

XVII.

No matter ; tares will grow up with the wheat :
And none but knaves deem all mankind the same.
Though in society there be deceit,
Yet *there* prevails the love of honest fame ;
Still on her altars Friendship's holy flame
Burns undiminish'd ; misanthropes may rail,
And sceptics smile, yet many could I name
Whose generous zeal was never known to fail,
Even in the hour of need, but then did most prevail.

XVIII.

The true friend's heart as yonder lake is calm ;
Pure as yon snows, but firm as mountain rocks :
His voice is as the glowing morn, a balm
To the hurt mind that's felt the world's rough shocks ;
His looks as cheerful as the sun's bright locks :
This high-soul'd being fearlessly will shield
A falling brother from the scorner's mocks.
Oh ! when the book of life shall be unseal'd,
How gladly shall his name by Angels be reveal'd !

XIX.

Evils there are ; but many self-created
In this our busy world : why should we grieve
And murmur at our destiny, when fated
To be alone ? why should we learn to weave
The web of thought too finely, to deceive
Ourselves, not others ? still, where'er thou art,
'Mid cities, or near cottages, relieve
The poor man's wants, thou wilt perform thy part
Well on the stage of life, and blunt e'en Envy's dart !

XX.

Adieu, sweet country ! Of Helvetia's wrongs,
Even in my childhood, have I thought, and wept.
When the war-cry was heard where late the songs
Of Innocence spread mirth around ; where slept
The child securely ; where the goat-herd kept
His flocks untroubled : then the spoiler came,
Treading in innocent blood where'er he stept :
Hell's horrid offspring—Anarchy his name ;
Affecting Freedom's voice fair Freedom's cause to shame.

XXI.

Had France no Washingtons, Timoleons then,
To point the way to Virtue's temple ? read
The latest records of Corinna's pen,*
And Gallia's woes will make thy bosom bleed.
The plant she nourish'd was a poisonous weed ;
Her friends were foes, none prized the golden mean ;
Each wild lawgiver had his separate creed ;
All spoke in vain, the soldier rush'd between :
Th' imperial consul's pomp then closed th' eventful scene.

* Madame de Stael.

XXII.

All things have their alloy ; go southwards on,
See Italy, with varied landscapes gay,
A waste of sweets ; the sun ne'er shone upon
A lovelier country with a brighter ray ;
Her very winter's softer than our May ;
What are its natives now, but imps from hell
Peopling a Paradise ? (f) though kinglings pray,
Those who degrade the human mind, as well
As Satan's self, 'gainst God's high purposes rebel !

XXIII.

Great Loyola ! how well thy sons succeed,
Dwarfing man's intellect to tread him down !
'Tis not enough that he must toil and bleed
To win for fellow-man, perchance, a crown :
But Superstition scares him with her frown.
Poor wretch ! to beg, to flatter, stab, or steal,
(Such are the vices Jesuits spare,) alone
He loves ; alas, to whom shall we appeal ?
Oh ! when will monarchs learn to prize the general weal ?

XXIV.

Here is Religion, robed in rich attire,
To please the eye, not meliorate the heart ;
Her pageantries, her glittering shrines, inspire
Devotion, in which *morals* have no part.
Does God delight in works of human mart ?
He heedeth not the labour of man's hands ;
He loves a soul devoid of guile and art ;
Fear him, and love him, honour his commands,
But his all-perfect state no earthly pomp demands !

XXV.

Quick are the Italian's feelings, prompt to wrong ;
Why may they not be then alive to good ?
In this sweet land of Music and of song,
The powers of the mind cannot be rude.
What then doth cause revenge and acts of blood ?
The vivid spirit that delights the muse,
Not the less willing when she's fiercely woo'd.
Those impulses, how dangerous their abuse,
Which when directed well heroic acts produce.

XXVI.

'Twas here the light of science first broke forth
Amid the Gothic gloom of former ages ;
Strange change ! that light's diffused throughout the
earth,
Yet Barbarism's evil genius rages
E'en in a country long since famed for sages.
Invasions, civil wars, the jealous strife
Of princes, sully here the historian's pages.
Awake, Italia's sons, awake to life ;
Throw off your foreign yoke, but scorn the inglorious
knife.

XXVII.

Where Mind to marble gives a living grace—
Where Music's inspiration's fully felt—
Where Poetry all passions doth embrace
In language form'd to rouse the soul, or melt—
Where too the Muse of Painting long has dwelt ;—
Can there be wanting courage-wakening men
Who have not to imperial tyrants knelt ?
Be what ye were in ages past again,
Brave Milanese (ε), the spoilers must re-seek their den.

XXVIII.

And he, who mid dark cypresses and urns,^(h)
Mourns o'er the buried mighty ones, in verse
Plaintive as nightingale's sweet song—he burns
To avert from Lombardy's fair plains the curse
Of foreign slavery; what plague is worse?
In vain Bologna boasts her learned youth;
In vain Firenze is of arts the nurse;
The prisoner hates the light; and lovely truth,
When seen and not embraced, heightens our woes in
sooth.

XXIX.

But Leopold's kind genius yet presides
O'er rich Etruria's gardens; *there* is man
Comparatively happy; there resides
Smiling Content. Though short may be the span
Of life, when princes do what good they can
They live for ever, not in marble busts,
While the poor subject's looks are pale and wan,
Not in some courtly verse that lauds their lusts,
But in that general wealth the stranger ne'er distrusts.

XXX.

The exuberant produce Ceres here brings forth,
(For *here* if husbanded she cannot fail,)
Shows him at once the patriot monarch's worth.
The numerous houses, studding hill and dale,
The fattening olive with its leaves so pale,
The cheerful peasantry, (for years must pass
Ere laws that tend to improve mankind can fail
In doing good, though scarce observed, alas !)
Honour his memory more than monuments of brass.

XXXI.

I dream not of Utopias, nor a race
Of patriot kings ; men may be better'd yet :
If power be but administer'd with grace,
Let monarchs shine in robes all gorgeous ; let
The statesman boast his star and coronet :
But as for those who first insult and scorn,
Then catch within their Machiavelian net
The freeborn mind, though diadems adorn
Their brows, they hardly rank 'bove knaves ignobly
born.

Oh ITALY! rich in thy wood-cover'd mountains,
Thy rainbow-crown'd falls, and their ever-green foun-
tains ;
Thy skies in the thunder-storms, even, are bright,
With the rapid effulgence of rose-colour'd light ;
Thy shores do embrace, with their vast arms, the
deep,
On whose blue tranquil bosom the sun loves to sleep ;
While silvery mists round its islets are gleaming,
And gauze-clouds along the horizon are streaming ;
And Horace yet lives near his favourite hill ;
(The delicate air breathes his poetry still ;)
Thy temples decay ; still their ruins are seen,
Half grey through old time, or with ivy half green ;
The fig-tree, pomegranate, pinastre, and vine,
The blossoming almond-tree's blushes, are thine :
But thy heroes are dust, and thy spirit is fled,
And the last of thy warriors, the White-Plumed, is
dead !

XXXII.

AMID rich orange-trees, whose beauteous fruit
Glow's like the western sun with deepen'd hue ;
Where carelessly the southern plants up shoot,
Their green contrasting to the sky's deep blue—
Think ye to find Arcadian fables true ?
Vain hope ! pale misery sallows every face,
Yet still to Nature's works full praise is due :
Oft in the peasant's wretched looks ye trace
Some lineaments unspoil'd as yet of manly grace.

XXXIII.

Such were my thoughts when fast from Ischia's isle
The little vessel bore me ; as the glare
Of noon-day soften'd down itself awhile,
A passing breeze o'er Baiæ's bay so fair
Gave a delicious fragrance to the air.
Sunny Neapolis ! thy loveliness
Of clime, thy fruitage, thy luxurious fare,
Pamper thy sons with sensual excess ;
Thy daughters dream of nought save lustful wanton-
ness !

XXXIV.

Here all is strenuous idleness ! the hum
Of men, like children bustling about nought :
The bawling mountebank, and frequent drum,
Are glorious substitutes for troublous thought ;
While business is unheeded and unsought.
Here to the last they whirl around ; the bier
Bears to the grave some noisy trifler caught
By death ; the world's epitome is here ;
The sight provokes a smile, commingled with a tear !

XXXV.

Give Italy *one* Master, she will thrive
Again, and triumph in her countless stores :
But bigots with their deadening influence drive
Wealth from her lands, and commerce from her shores,
While Heaven its choicest gifts in vain out-pours.
When Monks, in locust-swarms, oppress the soil,
When the vile spy of Government explores
The people's wealth—the industrious will not toil
To enrich their *puny* Masters with a greater spoil.

XXXVI.

Nor splendid portraitures, nor beds of state,
Nor the rich ceiling's gay magnificence ;
Nor sumptuousness of feasts, nor massy plate,
Nor all the vain adornments of expense ;
Nor marble statues, though Canova's, whence
Beauty an almost breathing charm puts forth ;
Nor heads of bronze, that seem inform'd with sense,
Can give to sorrowing hearts a moment's mirth,
Or soften down the pangs of care-worn sons of earth !

XXXVII.

“ Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow,”
Thought doth pervade the universe ; we seem
More than this world can circumscribe to know ;
Yet is our life but one protracted dream —
For moralizing fools an endless theme.
He, whom gaunt evils smites—whose days, though few,
In thought are numberless, he well may deem
That under Heaven there is nought that's new,
His sole delight at length fair Nature's scenes to view.

XXXVIII.

What is the pomp of art to him who loves
On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air ? (i)
Or with a Humboldt fortunately roves
Through forests deep ?—though all is savage there,
Yet Nature seems to him for ever fair.
As near the river's slow majestic course,
Onward he roves, forgetful of past care ;
His soul mounts up unto that very source
Whence all existence springs, with an unusual force !

XXXIX.

Eternity—how wonderful it is !
A shoreless Ocean—nothing, every thing !
To be for ever what I shall be—this
Far, far exceeds the mind's imagining, (k)
Though it would soar for ever on the wing,
To reach a Kepler's, Newton's height !—'tis vain :
Yet some will dream of a perpetual spring :
These dreams perchance may please a vacant brain,
But in our sober mood are soon abandon'd with disdain !

XL.

See Cæsar baffled by a little state !
Such is the will of HIM who doth command
Empires to rise, decay, regenerate ;
Who weigheth worlds as balls within His hand ;
Whose wrath not Hell's fierce legions may withstand ;
Who is enthroned in light, Ancient of Days !
The pure Intelligence, whose wisdom plann'd
This universal frame. His be the praise !
Creatures of clay, to HIM your loud thanksgivings raise ;

XLI.

The mind that well doth exercise its powers
Shall to the perfect beauty be allied, (^l)
When, from this grosser frame released, it towers
Above the reach of earth-born care or pride.
Yet must it be through ages purified,
Ere it can live near God's eternal throne ;
Ere it can bask in glory's luminous tide ;
That sun of suns, unmingled and alone, (^m)
Whose everlasting light on earth has never shone !

XLII.

The God-head dwells with thee, thou blessed one,
Cowper, though some deride thy pious song,
Too pure for them :—the sun of genius shone
On thy immortal mind, that scorn'd the throng
Of busy triflers, as they moved along,
Fretting themselves with brain-born dreams, that mar
Man's proudest hopes : to thy sweet verse belong
Those soothing strains, that bid the violent jar
Of passions cease, and still the bosom's inward war !

XLIII.

Oh, could I seek at length those happy Isles
Where 'tis a sensual pleasure even to breathe ;
Where Nature in her classic livery smiles,
And gives to Byron's muse a deathless wreath ;
Where youth *is* life, age slumbers into death ;
Where bowers to meditation dear abound ;
Where glow the heavens above, the flowers beneath ;
Where every nook is consecrated ground ;
And songs of other times float in the air around !

XLIV.

Then might appear to me dear Liberty,
(But in a dream,)—whole hosts before her driven :
A sun-beam is her spear—she strikes, and see (ⁿ)
Its touch consumeth like the burning levin—
Or like a comet hurl'd to earth from heaven !
A fierce disdain is flashing from her eye.
Thus look'd Apollo, when, asunder riven,
The monster serpent writh'd in agony,
Then all convulsed, at length expired with hideous cry !

XLV.

She triumphs now ; a laureate band attend
Her steps, while Æschylus awakes the lyre :
Before her now the mighty masters bend :
“ A slave's no man ! ” thus sings their Godlike Sire : *
His strains the whole triumphant race inspire.
O glorious sight !—And is it all a dream ?
No—no. Columbia has her souls of fire ;
The dawning light of science there doth gleam,
There Poets must arise, since Liberty's the theme !

* Homer.

NOTES ON "THE VIEW."

(^a) This little Poem (*if such it may be called*) was written in the Autumn of the year 1818, during a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

(^b) *Light as the young chamois.*

The chamois is an animal remarkable for its activity in scouring along the craggy rocks, and in leaping over the precipices. It is a species of antelope, though Linnæus has classed it in the goat genus under the name of *rupicapra* or mountain-goat.—*Coxe's Travels in Switzerland*, Vol. I., Letter 29, Page 342-44.

(^c) *But, gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail?*

Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in the year 1509. He first studied the Civil Law: afterwards retiring to Basil,

he turned his thoughts to the study of Divinity, and published there his *Institutions*, which he dedicated to Francis I. He was made Professor of Divinity at Geneva, A.D. 1536. The year following he prevailed with the people to subscribe a confession of faith, and to renounce the Pope's authority; but, carrying the matter a little farther than was agreeable to the Government, he was obliged to retire from Geneva, upon which he set up a French church at Strasburgh, in Germany, and was himself the first minister of it. But the town of Geneva inviting him to return, he came back thither in September 1541. The first thing he did was to settle a form of discipline and consistorial jurisdiction, and he gained himself many enemies by his inflexible severity in maintaining the rights and jurisdiction of his consistory. He was a person of great parts, indefatigable industry, and considerable learning. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, in 1594.—*Boughton's Dictionary*, article *Calvinists*.

(^d) *What, tho' her thoughts were somewhat too refined.*

I allude to Madame de Stael; but more particularly to the Third Volume of her "*Allemagne*," and to her philosophical works. Her last (*Considérations sur les Principaux Evénemens de la Révolution Française*) has no theoretical refinements whatever. Her language is sober and correct, though sufficiently energetic; and her ideas, if I may so express myself, quite *English*.

(c) *Had man no other duties.*

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees its adversary; but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—*Milton's Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

(f) *What are its natives now, but imps from hell
Peopling a Paradise?*

This is the character an Italian gave me of his own countrymen. All are not such, however. Italy, trampled upon and degraded, still may possess many men of virtue and spirit; but, in the present state of things, what can *they do* towards ameliorating the condition of their countrymen? "The victim by turns, of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has fallen, like a star from its place in heaven; she has seen her harvests trodden down by the horses of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own: *Conquering or conquered*, in the indignant language of her poet, *still alike a slave*; a long retribution for the tyranny of Rome."—*Hallam's View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, Vol. I. Page 255.

(g) *Be what ye were in ages past again, brave Milanese.*

The efforts which the Milanese made to resist the tyranny

of Frederic Barbarossa, may rival the noblest exertions of the Spartans or the Athenians.—See *Sismondi Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, Tome ii. *passim*.

(^h) *And he who mid dark cypresses and urns.*

UGO FOSCOLO. See his "*Carme de' Sepolchri*," and his "*Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*."

(ⁱ) *On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air.*

"Thus, on the shore of the South Sea, after the long rains of winter, when the transparency of the air has suddenly increased, we see Chimborazo appear like a cloud at the horizon; it detaches itself from the neighbouring summits, and towers over the whole chain of the Andes, like that majestic dome produced by the genius of Michael Angelo over the antique monuments which surround the Capitol."—*Humboldt's Researches*, Vol. I.

(^k) *Far far exceeds the mind's imagining.*

"But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy Throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight."—*Dryden*.

(^l) *Shall to the perfect beauty be allied.*

"The first fair, and pulchritude itself."—*St. Cyril.*

(^m) *That sun of suns, unmingled and alone.*

"O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi."—*Dante.*

(ⁿ) *A sun-beam is her spear—she strikes, and see.*

Chatterton has given this all-piercing weapon to Power.

"Power wythe his heafod straught unto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre."

Chorus to Goddwyn.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

INVITATION
TO
THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

THIS is the balmy breathing-time of spring,
All Nature smiles, and Mirth is on the wing;
The sun is shining on this lovely scene,
Gladd'ning with light the meadow's tender green,
Studding the waters with its lustrous gems,
More brilliant than ten thousand diadems.
Beautiful AVON!—how can I pourtray
Thy varied charms, where'er thou wind'st thy way?
Now through the sunny meads,—now in the glade
Thou sleep'st, beneath the wood's o'er-arching shade.
The “sedge-crown'd” Naiads, from their cool retreats,
Welcome my loved one, with their gather'd sweets.—

We cull'd these flowers at break of day,

Take, oh, take them, lady fair ;

Fresh in the light of the morning ray,

They glisten on thy nut-brown hair.

Merrily, merrily in the trees,

The birds are merrily singing—

While rose-buds are opening,

And fruit-trees are blossoming.

How clear—how musical

Is yonder water-fall !—

Oh, God ! how glorious is the genial ray

That issues from thy “Light of lights,” to-day !

Now seek we, my love, yon green-flourishing wood,

That long in theatric luxuriance has stood,

Where paths intersect its dank moss-cover'd steep,

And above's a turf gallery ample and deep.

Their temples with ivy and oak-apples crown'd,

See, the wood-nymphs advance, now they all dance
around ;

Their leafy adornments now rustle and play
With their light limbs as briskly they foot it away :

Come—beneath yon bowering tree
We've prepared a couch for thee ;
Such a couch was never seen
Even by our chaste-eye'd queen ;
Dione never laid her head
On such a spring-embellish'd bed,
Nor Galatea's bosom heaved
Beneath a beech more richly leaved.—
We have rifled of their flowers
All the many-colour'd bowers.
Sweet to us are thy beauties rare,
But sweeter the scent of vernal air ;
Sweet is Cytherea's breath,
But fresher far is Flora's wreath.

Thy voice, like the harp of Arion, may please,
But give us the murmuring hum of the bees.

By Pan, thou art a sylvan fairy,
As light, as elegant, as airy ;
With thy tresses loosely flowing,
And thy well-turn'd ankles showing.
Now we place a leafy vest
O'er thy "gently-budding" breast ;
While virgins bring their coronets
Of pearls, and blue-vein'd violets,
Showering flowers as is most meet,
Before thy neatly-sandall'd feet ;
And fragrance-breathing zephyrs bless
Thy cheeks with passing freshness.

—————'Tis night !

And SHAKSPEARE, near this river, gazed upon
The lovely moon, that now as softly smiles
Upon the stream, as if Endymion
Was bathing there ;—Shakspeare, the kindest, best
Of casuists, who knew humanity,
Nor deem'd the gravest the *elect* of Heaven !—

See, there's "high-graced" Oberon,
Prince of fairy land,
A moving throne he sits upon,
The sceptre's in his hand.
All-glorious his attire,
With jewels powder'd o'er;
Each with his silver lyre,
The minstrels go before:—
As dazzling in their cars,
As numerous, as stars
That in Cumana's clime
Fall by thousands at a time;
With their winglets as profuse
As the humming-bird's of hues;
The light-encircled queen
Now trips along the green;
As beauteous as the rose,
Which white lilies enclose.

ODE
ON THE LAMENTED DEATH
OF THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES AND
SAXE COBOURG.

Τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους ἐφ' ἐσίας ἄχῃ
Τὰδ' ἐστὶ, καὶ τῶνδ' ὑπερβατώτερα
Τὸ ωᾶν δ' ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος αἴας συνορμένοις
Πένθεια τλησικάρδιος
Δόμων ἐκάσθου ὠρεται.

Æschyl. Agamem.

Now all was quiet and serene,
Hope's morning star on earth was seen,
 Its light our bosoms cheer'd:
Then, then, the hurricane arose,
The dreadful tempest of our woes,
 And nought but gloom appear'd.

The festal song is o'er—
The voice of mirth no more
Is heard throughout the land :
With quivering lips and pale,
The young and old bewail
The Almighty's dread command !

Grim death ! oh what a blow thou gav'st us here !
The thought is ev'n too bitter for a tear ;
It spreads a gloom that never will depart,
A settled thunder-cloud around the heart.

And she is nothingness, who late
With joy, and hope, and love elate,
A fairy vision seem'd !
She realized those pleasures known
To few, to none who wear a crown,
Nor ev'n of sorrow dream'd.
But who can paint that dreadful grief
That asks not, wishes not relief ?

The fierce, unutterable anguish,
That shuddering pity must conceal :
It gnaws within her widow'd consort's breast,
(Ah ! happy once, with smiling pleasures blest !)
And will not through exhaustion languish—
Oh ! who would this reveal ?

Was it for *this* that Hymen join'd their hands,
Amid a people's shouts, in rosy bands,
That when with loyal hopes all hearts were gay,
His lovely bride should thus be torn away ?

We hoped to hear the merry bells :
Alas ! they're changed to funeral knells ;
Heard ye the solemn sound ?
Again it tolls—the bell profound.

Would it were fancy ! but she's gone—
The truest, dearest, loveliest one
That e'er a nation's wishes bless'd
That e'er a husband's love possess'd ;

Friend to the poor, the fatherless,

Friend to all virtue in distress !

But wherefore grieve we so ?

There's selfishness in woe.

Angels of love, with gratulations high,

Welcome their sister-spirit to the sky :

O ever-living bride ! all beauteous sprite !

With them thou dwell'st in everlasting light.

Not her's the glare of royalty—

The pride, or pomp of place ;

But mild, domestic charity,

And every winning grace.

Yet death has dimm'd the lustre of her eyes ;

In lifeless loveliness his victim lies ;

Britannia, frantic, clasps her favourite's urn ;

Wit, Virtue, Beauty, for their darling mourn.

But through the royal house,

No loud laments arise :

Silence that loathes repose

There stalks with tearful eyes.

Ne'er may our querulous complaints intrude

On the lone mourner's sacred solitude :

The flower is broken from its stem,

The ring has lost its only gem :

Oh ! princely Claremont, wither'd be thy bowers ;

Cold is the hand that cull'd thy fairest flowers :

Like them, in bloom of youth she died !

Go, tell it to the house of pride—

Mock the self-loving fair—

Go, whisper in the ear of kings,

(While death aside the curtain flings

And shows his victim there,

Cold, voiceless, joyless, motionless—)

How vain is human happiness !

Away, away ! it is not meet

To view her in her winding-sheet :

I see her on her sapphire throne,

A circling halo is her crown ;

A halo of eternal light :

How mild her features seem, and yet how heavenly
bright !

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS CANOVA.

I.

WHERE is he now ? an awful question ! where ?
'Mid spirits glorified in realms of light,
Viewing angelic shapes more dazzling there,
Than those which gave him while on earth delight :
Such as appear'd unto his mental sight,
When he would dare create, what Art alone
Like his could realize, a goddess bright,
A Hebe, or a Grace without her zone,
Or all that poets dream of Beauty's queen, in stone.

II.

Whate'er of beautiful, high-minded Greece
 Imagined, from Canova's chisel sprung :
 And must that master-hand for ever cease
 To mould those forms so graceful and so young,
 In praise of which the mystic bards have sung ?
 Those forms, o'er which ideal loveliness
 Is, as it were, by touch ethereal flung !
 That hand, which in cold marble could express
 All-perfect beauty, youth, eternal happiness !

III.

His delicate Hebe almost seems to move :
 So light thy step, fair daughter of the skies !
 Thou art the gentle power that waits on Jove :
 Thou art the flower of youth that never dies.
 Sure 'tis a spirit that delights our eyes !
 But Pysche, a celestial lover's pride,
 With her sweet rival in proportion vies ;
 While beaming, like a twin-star at her side,
 Cupid, as finely wrought, clasps his life-giving bride.

IV.

O! 'tis a super-human skill that turns
To being such creations of the brain
As the fond worshipper of fancy burns
To paint in glowing colours, but in vain.
Look on these breathing marbles—look again—
They are the visions of our youth brought forth,
Though motionless, yet beautiful! no stain
Sullies their charms; they are not of this earth,
But pure, as when the bards' conceptions gave them birth.

V.

How o'er the sculptor's manly features play'd
The light of genius, as with modest zeal
He spoke of those immortal works survey'd
By him, with raptures such as *he* must feel
To whom Art loves her secrets to reveal.
The Phidian fragments! in decay sublime,
Whence Art gives laws 'gainst which there's no appeal.
Such were man's labours in the olden time,
When freedom quicken'd thought, and a soul-waken-
ing clime.

VI.

Yet in Canova's mind were nursed those fine
 Imaginings, that, but by few possest,
 We call, adoring their results, divine;
 Since those who have them are indeed most blest
 Of mortal beings, far above the rest.
 The *poetry* of sculpture must be caught
 From Heaven: it gives a feeling unexpressed
 When bodied forth, to those by Art untaught:
 'Tis an ambrosial flame—the very soul of thought.

December, 1822.

VERSES
ON NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

“Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worms are spread under thee, and the worms cover thee ;—

How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations !”

Isaiah.

He whom plumed victory placed upon her throne,
The despot lord of Europe, he is gone !
Whose power, whene'er its death-flag was unfurl'd,
Breathed out destruction o'er a trembling world :
All irresistible, it seem'd to bind,
As with a magic spell, th' o'ermaster'd mind.
Cradled amid the storms of war, the child
Of anarchy fought well, and fortune smiled.
The consul would be emperor, inthroned
He play'd the tyrant ; France obey'd, and groan'd.

Ambitious self-destroyer ! grasping all,
'Till nations burst indignant from their thrall ;
'Till the insulted master of the North
Awoke, and sent his hardy legions forth.
The mighty warrior flies, his men are lost,
Their strength avails not 'gainst a Scythian frost.
Baffled ambition scorns to feel : he eyed
Their stiffening corpses with a sullen pride,
Cursing his fallen star, that rose again
Terrific to his foes, and not in vain ;
'Till England with her lion-banner's might
Check'd the imperial eagle's second flight.

What were his feelings when an exile, far
From his once glorious theatre of war ?
Fame, conquest, empire vanishing—what left ?
Life : but of all that gave him life bereft.
Unpitied, since he laugh'd at others' woe,
And hated as an unrelenting foe.

With him were feasible, so vast his schemes,
Such plans as please a madman in his dreams.
As a high-crested dragon with his wings
Beats foemen down, he smote the pride of kings.
Self was his idol, self; 'twas nought to him
If thousands fell, so he might please his whim.

Was he a spirit sent to scourge mankind
For vice? to dazzle them till they were blind?
As potent as the magic shield of old,*
Withering the strength of all who dared behold.

He hated converse: his o'erweening pride
Taught him man's social pleasures to deride:
Men were his instruments, and he could have
Nothing in common with them but a grave.
As wave succeeding wave breaks on the shore,
Tyrants o'erleap their bounds and are no more.

* This wonderful shield belonged to Atlante, but afterwards was possessed by Ruggiero.—See Ariosto, Canto 2.

His course was rapid, he has pass'd away,
 In time's vast book a tale of yesterday;
 And he who held the proudest kings in awe
 Of his imperious will, to them a law,
 Now lies alone in a far distant isle!
 Well might philosophy at grandeur smile.

The ill Napoleon did we all well know,
 Each day the good he might have done, will show.
 Through him Italia might again have been
 Renown'd in arms as she's of arts the queen;
 Nor would the Austrian fox have dared by stealth
 To snatch, though now he rudely takes her wealth.
 The cloud of selfishness will ne'er decrease
 That glooms the prospect of a lasting peace,
 'Till Christian kings the Christian maxim heed:
 God never doom'd mankind to crouch and bleed.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams ; ah, thou hast fled,
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful!
The child of grace and beauty.

Shelley.

THY wooded hills, Firenze, castle crown'd,
In beautiful luxuriance rise around :
What sweetly-blended hues enchant the sight
As the sun 'gins to soften down his light !
On houses, olives, vineyards, crags, he glows,
All Nature woos him as he smiles repose.
The purple-coloured Apennines appear
Like fairy-mountains painted in the air :
While o'er the fertile vale, where Arno flows,
The queen of beauty's sacred myrtle grows.

O ! what is love by poets deified,
Compared with friendship in all dangers tried ?
Gonzalvo to his Lara could not be
A firmer friend than Henry was to me.
Could not this balmy clime restore his health,
Where Nature boon has lavish'd all her wealth ?
Alas ! Consumption gives a sickly hue
To wood-crown'd hills, rich vales, and skies of deepest
blue.

Busy Remembrance ! why call up in vain
Those happy nights, that ne'er will come again,
When in our mock-debates young Henry's mind
Show'd a ripe judgment, and a taste refined !

FLORENCE, *October 2.*

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

AT

CHAMOUNI.

THOUGH I might visit scenes which show
The littleness of pride ;
Mountains whose heights, o'ertopped with snow,
Man's venturous foot deride ;
Though on the master-works of art
Intensely I might gaze,
'Till words do but express in part
The fulness of amaze ;
Or as o'er ashes of the mighty dead,
With mixed belief and doubtfulness, I tread,—
Still, England, still my mind will dwell
On thee, and those I love as well !

TO MY INFANT CHILD.

SLEEP, my sweet child, within thy mother's arms,
And Heaven protect thy future years from harms !
From throngs of passions that assail the best :
From friendship violated ; love unblest ;
From fashion's honours purchased at the price
Of health, vain honours, oft allied to vice.

Sleep on, sweet Julia, at thy mother's breast ;
Thy proper nurse is watching o'er thy rest :
She gazes on thee with an anxious eye,
And meditates thy future destiny.
On earthly things have angels ever smiled ?
On one—the mother bending o'er her child.

Rich is the flower's perfume, sweet girl, to thee ;
Richer in fragrance shall the musk-rose be,
When the young world may open to thy view,
And nature's charms, too soon forgot, are new.
Long be thy mother's fair attractions thine ;
To talent, sense—to beauty, virtue join ;
To unaffected sprightliness add ease ;—
Coquettes may smile, but these will ever please.

Great Spirit of the universe, protect
This child, and may she ne'er thy works neglect ;
But trace in lowliest weeds thy hand divine,
As true, as in yon glorious orbs that shine.

TO THE MEMORY OF COLLINS.

GREAT Bard, to thee belong
The spirits of the mystic song.
Thou hast found, 'bove all thy race,
Sweet Poesy's most hallow'd place :
Where sunbright beings, veil'd from sight,
To thee alone reveal their light.
In fancy's cell, in midnight storm,
Each passion has its proper form.
Glaring amid the gloom of night,
The foaming flood gave thee delight ;
But ah ! the softness of thy lay,
Is mild as summer-close of day,
When o'er Fidele's grassy tomb
Thou scatterest flowers of earliest bloom.

No self-complaint thy mind reveals,
But solely for another feels :
Though it has suffer'd deep distress,
How exquisite its tenderness !
Since pity, peace, and mercy, seem,
In sooth, to be thy frequent theme ;
And love, that royal shepherds know,
In climes where brighter suns do glow.

Bard of the East ! a poet sweet
As thee, we ne'er again may greet.
Where does thy gentle spright abide
All-seeing fancy by its side ?
Where sky-born forms are flitting near,
To charm it through " th' eternal year."

NOTHING.

“Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men’s minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as ‘one would,’ and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?”

Bacon.

WHAT wild ambitious schemes
The ripen’d man engage?
To love’s delusive dreams
Succeed the plans of age.
The smiles of beauty lose
Their sweet attractive power,
And Pleasure vainly woos
The statesman to her bower.
Youth, manhood, and old age, have each their vice,
First lust, ambition next, then avarice.

Some mount on high like rockets,
That blaze, then die away ;
And folly loves to mock its
Votaries for a day.

Or Juans, or Napoleons, 'tis the same—
The slaves of passion are the fools to fame.

“ To-morrow and to-morrow ”

Have momentary joys ;
Men never think that sorrow
Can rob them of their toys.

Or death—they heedless hear the passing bell ;
Where be *his* fond conceits for whom it tolls a knell ?

VERSES

WRITTEN IN STONELEIGH PARK.

THE rudest trunk by Nature's hand that 's wrought,
May teach us more than ever sage has taught :
Ye patriarchal oaks, that mock the span
Of man's existence—(miserable man !)
Ye teach me this, that even in decay
Ye thrive, when the proud mind is worn away.

Ye richly-foliaged woods, that seem but one,
Girding yon uplands with your emerald zone,
Ye tell me, there's analogy between
Youth's liveliness, and your most cheerful green.
When the light plays upon your leaves, we glow
With inward joy ourselves ; I feel it now.

When sombre shades the brightest hues displace,
Steals o'er our hearts their "melancholy grace."
'Tis the bard's golden chain that seems to bind
Nature's best energies with those of mind ;
For when Creation's wonder-works we see,
We feel within us the Divinity !
Whence springs this holy feeling ? from delight
In looking up to God through works so bright !

Here might Zeluco for a moment feel
(But for a moment) a religious zeal.
Thus Satan gazed on Paradise awhile,
And half forgot his hate, revenge, and guile.

LINES WRITTEN AT ROME.

WE need not fear, in these enlighten'd times,
Hildebrand's power, or Alexander's crimes :
Or that fierce Pope,* unspiritual lord
Of Roman faith, who grasp'd the temporal sword.
But here is Superstition's last strong hold :
Still here, release from Purgatory's sold ;
And here the women, pious *in their way*,
At noon read Casti,† though at eve they pray :
How eloquent their looks ; beneath the lashes
Of their dark eyes the soul of passion flashes !

* Julius II.

† CASTI, a profligate writer, author of certain "Nouvelle,"
as Forsyth says, "too excellently wicked."

Alternately they read their prayers, and paint ;
Now woo a lover, now invoke a saint !
Such are the Portias, the Cornelias, now,
So well is heeded here the marriage vow.

November, 1818.

TO THE REV. W. W.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

THIS is indeed to all a lovely morn :
But chief to thee, for on this day was born
Thy lovely daughter, lovelier with a mind,
O think I flatter not, how pure, refined !
Pure as the dreams of holiest saints, and mild
As the soft slumbers of an infant child.
Yet 'tis possest of wisdom, wit, and sense :
Her eyes beam forth that mind's intelligence.
Thy smiles paternal, *faintly* tell us now
What genuine raptures in thy bosom glow.
The fulness of delight is scarce exprest
By words ; we only see that thou *art* blest.

DIVES LOQUITUR.

IN IMITATION OF A GREAT POET.

“Ecce iterum Crispinus.”

I.

HAD I the wit of Newstead's noble bard,
I'd sacrifice it all, again to be
The child I was, when on that smooth green sward
I drove my hoop along with mickle glee,
Or climb'd, with eager haste, yon cherry-tree.
Happy are they who need not e'er regret
The long-past days of careless infancy ;
Whom *friends* have ne'er betray'd, nor knaves beset,
Who never have been caught in woman's subtle net.

II.

Of this enough,—the storm has ceased to rage ;
I live—but how, it matters not,—I live—
“ All, all is vanity ”—thus spoke the sage :
Yet there remains one pleasure—’tis to give.
With some, ’tis pouring water through a sieve :
An endless folly, an excessive waste :
To feed their drones, these lordlings rob the hive ;
They waste their wealth on fools or dames unchaste ;
Or gems, or jewels rare—*these children “ have a taste.”*

III.

DIVES had feasts at home, and many came
To see the strange inventions of the night ;
Minstrels were in his halls, resembling flame—
The colour of their robes was e’en as bright ;
Ladies were clad in silk, all lily white,
While Burgundy, from golden goblets pour’d,
Freshen’d the heart of man with new delight,
And boon companions gather’d round his board,
Pledging the frequent health of their all-liberal lord.

IV.

But what is DIVES now?—a misanthrope—
A snarling cynic, basking in the sun :
O'ercharged with lust, he gave his passion scope ;
A self-tormentor, now his course is run,
Mingling with fellow men, yet loving none.
Divine Charissa calls on him in vain—

“ Though fools have robb'd thee, do not therefore shun
The sad retreat of penury and pain.”

Sullen he stalks apart, and eyes her with disdain.

V.

“ What wert thou born for, denizen of earth?
To laugh and grieve as suits thy wayward will?
Scoffer—the soul will have a second birth ;—
Awake the song—the sparkling goblet fill—
Drown, in thy wine, all thoughts of future ill.
There is another world !” “ Then be it so—
Of this already, have I had my fill !”—

“ This will not save thee—this fantastic woe :
Thou knowest not, wretched man, where thou art
doom'd to go !”

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE BODIES OF TWO BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN, CAST AWAY NEAR MILFORD.

(IN IMITATION OF COLERIDGE.)

A DREARY waste of snows around
O'er-spread th' inhospitable ground ;—
The storm-blast scarce had ceased to roar,
There lay two corpses on the shore.
Thou, pamper'd lecher, come and see
These shapes, so oft embraced by thee :—
What—does it shame thee ?—look again—
These were once women, ay, and vain ;
Rock-bruised and mangled now, they seem
More horrid than a ghastly dream.

Now kiss their livid lips, and bless
Their fragrant stench, sweet rottenness.
The gay gold rings bemock their fingers,
Where not one trait of beauty lingers ;
But, like the shrivell'd star-fish, lie
Their hands in sand, all witheringly.
We start to see this loathsome clay,
Uncoffin'd, rotting fast away ;
Yet, we *can* bear the noisome pest,
Vice, gathering, black'ning in the breast.

TRUE LOVE.

I.

'Tis sweet on Truth's high vantage-ground to stand
And gaze on men below, in mazes lost
Of error ; sweet it is to break the wand
Of juggling Comus, battling 'gainst a host
Of frightful passions ; or when tempest-tost
To reach, by unexpected chance, the port ;
Sweet 'tis to have a Claude though much it cost ;
Sweet to the honest heart's the rustic's sport ;
Sweetest is woman's love when 'tis of good report.

To share each other's joys, to live indeed
In our own little world of happiness,
With interchange of thought as time may need ;
To brighten fancy ; make our troubles less ;
To give and to return the kind caress ;
To visit distant realms, not both unknown ;
To be each other's help-mates in distress ;
To laugh through mutual aid at fortune's frown ;
Such were a bliss, indeed, which few can call their own.

ENGLAND.

I.

WHAT are Helvetia's woods, Ausonia's bowers,
Compared with England's home-attractions? Rove
Where'er we may, we waste away those hours
That sure were better spent with friends we love,
Such as the royal casuist (^a) might approve.
But England has her beauties, her green fields ;
Her rising grounds o'ertopp'd with many a grove ;
The wealth her land so prodigally yields,
That yet from violent hands the arm of justice shields.

II.

And thou, Charissa, with thy smiling train
Of infants, in this island art renown'd ;
Let others sing the dark-eyed maids of Spain, (b)
Here beauty's modest gracefulness is found ;
Here love domestic is by valour crown'd :
Ah ! happy isle, where Faction vainly roars :
Her wild war-cry we heed not ; we are sound :
With flag reversed, rebellion quits our shores,
And peace exulting smiles, and virtue God adores.

III.

“ Whatever is, is best ;” the blasts from hell
Of irreligion cannot shake the tree
Of knowledge, that in our blest isle has well
Driv'n deep its roots ; the true philosophy
Is Christian faith, from superstition free.
England of Heaven asks no miraculous voice
To silence foul-mouth'd infidelity.
No ! in the gospel-truths her sons rejoice :
That worship must be pure, where reason points the
choice.

IV.

What mighty minds have here conjointly raised
An altar to their Maker ; there up-piled
The gifts of truth and eloquence amazed
Surrounding nations ; gentle as a child
Was Newton, Cowper as a seraph mild !
Yet were they champions of the faith, and kept
The ark of their religion undefiled.
Here never has Devotion's genius slept,
Nor o'er her broken fanes meek Piety has wept.

V.

Those who do fear it, always hate the light.
Let man but know his duties, he pursues
His proper good ; 'tis only in the night
Of ignorance, that uncertain are his views,
That (c) Cleons his most credulous heart abuse.
But learning's like Ithuriel's spear, and shows
Impostures stripp'd of all their borrow'd hues.
What is the fruitful source of human woe ?
The fear lest men become too wise the more they know.

VI.

Vain fear ! before Religion's rising sun
The fogs of Superstition break away.
Let sophists to the den of error run
And hide them from the intellectual ray
That this "best sun" sheds forth on us to-day.
Though tyrants dread opinion, 'tis the base
Of every government, its only stay.
Good God ! what crimes the moral world disgrace, (d)
When prejudice would drive right reason from its place!

VII.

Are not the gifts of eloquence and wealth,
Beauty and talent, easily abused ?
Thus into minds not guarded well, by stealth
The poison of false doctrine is infused.
E'en freedom has been, often is, misused !
Yet by instruction man is raised here
High in the scale of being, not amused
With grovelling joys, but panting for a sphere
Where mind shall live with mind through Heaven's
"eternal year."

VIII.

As rushing whirlwinds 'mid the stagnant air, (°)
In eastern climates, suddenly arise—
Thus slaves whom passions prompt, or fell despair,
Rush on their despot-master. Lo ! he dies.
How weak the state which terror guards, or lies !
But when fair mercy, justice, truth support
The throne, let statesmen ope the people's eyes ;
Their knowledge is as an unshaken fort
To which 'gainst all attacks the monarch might resort.

IX.

Let others fashion works that charm the eye
And please the moral taste ; we cannot strive
In these with Greece and Italy to vie—
We teach the master-science how to live.
Long may our dear, dear country's glories thrive ;
May never pestilence consume her strength ; may God
Far, far away domestic discord drive :
But, must we bow beneath his chastening rod,
Ne'er may the rebel's bones rest 'neath his father's sod.

NOTES ON "ENGLAND."

(^a) *Such as the royal casuist might approve.*

Hamlet.—Give me the man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core; ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee.—*Shakspeare*.

(^b) *Let others sing the dark-eyed maids of Spain.*

See Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, Canto the First.

(^c) *That Cleons his most credulous heart abuse.*

Cleon was the low demagogue of Athens —See *Thucyd.* lib. 3.

(^d) *Good God! what crimes the moral world disgrace.*

L'Auteur du *Raoud-al-rakhia*r rapporte que Mahomet a prédit que son peuple ou sa religion périroit par deux choses, par l'ignorance et par l'avarice. *D'Herbelot*, article, GEHEL.

(e) *As rushing whirlwinds mid the stagnant air.*

If we have any doubt of the dreadful evils arising from the ignorance of the people, let us turn to the page of history, let us look to the crusade against the unoffending Albigenses, the convulsions that happened at Paris (equalled only in atrocity by the enormities of the late Revolution,) during the unhappy reign of Charles VI. to the private wars, and deadly feuds that, during the middle ages, desolated Germany and Scotland, and then (unless we are bigots, or knaves,) we shall be convinced of the necessity of enlightening the people. It is the Cardinal de Retz who says, that the lower orders are suspicious. They are so, indeed, since they have always been deceived! "Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated in the science of politics alone by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts, the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man, to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection?" "The convictions of philosophy insinuate themselves by a slow, but certain progress into popular sentiment. It is vain for the arrogance of learning to condemn the people to ignorance, by reprobating superficial knowledge. The people cannot be profound; but the truths which regulate the moral and political relations of man are at no great distance from the surface."—*Mackintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, pp. 110-123.

STEEPHILL.

UNDAZZLED now by fashion's meteor-blaze,
The quiet joys of life I'll learn to praise ;
With Waller dwell mid myrtle shades, or find,
With Wordsworth, mighty spirits in the wind.
Oh ! 'tis a glorious privilege to be
The child of nature, and her charms to see :
Yon isle-engirting ocean, and the sky
O'er the green waves a cloudless canopy :
The stars by night, the fiery-wheeled throne
By day, its after-splendours, when 'tis gone ;
The jutting cliffs, the winding shores, the caves
Hollow'd within the rocks by frequent waves ;
Vast in themselves, yet magnified by thought,
(Compared with these, man's noblest works are nought;)
The rock-embosom'd underwood that creeps,
Rich with autumnal colours, up the steeps.

And many have been wanderers here, who now
Live with their God ! from yonder mountain's brow
They gazed upon the rising sun, that cheer'd
Nature and them ; they now have disappear'd !
But, near the fountain's self of heavenly light,
Gaze on more splendid scenes with more intense delight.
There all those hopes they cherish'd while on earth
Are realized,—how pure man's second birth !
They, by the living waters evermore,
Seeing and knowing all things, God adore.
We tread the same dull round from year to year ;
Though the scene shifts, the actors re-appear,
Dull in each other's eyes, press on, and die,
With “ *Vive la bagatelle !* ” the expiring cry.

Here, shelter'd from life's troublous storms, we roam,
And store up many an anecdote for home ;
Here feel that, unembarrass'd by the crowd,
We may, inglorious idlers, think aloud !

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

WRITTEN AT MIDDLETON,
THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF JERSEY.

For sure in all th' enchanted ground,
Of Paradise, there are not found
The fountain-brinks of Rocnabay,
Mosella's bowers, with roses gay.

Translation of Hafiz.

THE spoils of nations here collected, seem
To realize an eastern poet's dream :
Gold, gems, and ivory, with rich inlay,
Urns, vases, books, magnificently gay,
Embroider'd couches, golden lamps, and all
That Pride would choose for Beauty's festival,
With intermingling hues fatigue the sight,
And "dazzle with their luxury of light."
Nursed in the sunshine, orange trees unfold
Their leaves of emerald, and their fruit of gold.

Exotics fling their exquisite perfume,
From grand conservatories, through the room,
Where sits the fair Sultana of the place,
And to Zenobia's wealth adds Hebe's grace.
The glorious day-god cheers (what could he less?)
With vivid rays this seat of loveliness.

April 17, 1820.

PSEUDO-PATRIOTISM.

How few there are who do deserve
The Patriot's laurel-crown ;
Who never from their duty swerve,
Or lose their high renown.

A traitor's name doth stain the fame
Of Wallenstein the brave ;
The honours which he could not claim
Adorn his rival's grave.*

Rienzi, thou didst promise well,
But hast betray'd thy trust ;
Yet ! when the traitor-tribune fell,
His death was surely just.

* The great Gustavus Adolphus.

STANZAS
ADDRESSED TO THE SEA.

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1824.

The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.

Moore.

I.

SOFT as a seraph's look, the calm blue sea
Smiles with surpassing loveliness; how dear
This glorious element is to the free!
The spirit-stirring waves, now hush'd, appear
With broken sunbeams, or suffused, or clear,
Glassing the weeds fantastic—Nature's waste.
Now ruffled by the rising breeze they near
The shore, and course each other down in haste!
The bubbling cup of pleasure thus bemocks us while
we taste.

II.

There's in our minds an overpowering sense
Of grandeur, as we view the sea, that far
Exceeds in depth those feelings, though intense,
With which we contemplate the brightest star
That heralds Cynthia in her full orb'd car.
The sea, coeval with th' eternal past,
While element with element waged war,
Ere yet the pillars of the earth stood fast,
Roll'd o'er the dark abyss immeasurably vast.

III.

Then light through darkness shot its vivid ray,
Then waves subsided, mountains rose above ;
Then splendid in his rising, as to-day,
The God of gladness brighten'd hill and grove,
And all Creation glow'd with roseate love.
But chiefly the great Ocean, o'er whose face
The spirit of its God began to move,
While yet it bluster'd through unmeasured space,
Gloried within its bounds to feel the sun's embrace.

IV.

A varied mass of congregated cloud,
Purple and blue and red, th' horizon round
Floats o'er the waters, seemingly to shroud
Some fairy Isle where beauteous fruits abound ;
Where hills uprise by golden castles crown'd ;
Whence elfin knights come forth in proud attire,
And lovely fays, whose feet scarce touch the ground :
But soon these beings of the brain expire,
When the disparting clouds unveil a sea of fire.

V.

The sun is sinking fast, and now is gone
The vaporous enchantment ; the wide main
Reflects from clouds pavilions the throne
Of light, that still most beautiful remain,
An orange hue, which to depict, 'twere vain !
These are faint shadows of those glorious sights
Which we shall see, when free from grief or pain,
We traverse planets where unbodied sprights
For ever will enjoy ineffable delights.

VI.

The Bard* of Asti view'd the sea, and wept,
So strong were his emotions to behold
Its might ; as yet his sun-like genius slept,
'Till roused by call of passion uncontroll'd :
Like to the lightning's flash which clouds unfold
Amid a thunder-storm—through floods of tears
It threw a momentary ray ; the bold
Promise of splendour that in after years
Blazed in his verse ; it still the sons of freedom cheers.

VII.

Home of the brave and free—for such thou art,
Thou proudly-swelling Ocean ! how thy waves
Delighted ATHENS once, whose lion-heart
Despised the self-will'd tyrant's glittering slaves !
Baffled in all his hopes, Power vainly raves.
Now like a giant rising after sleep
Refresh'd, COLOMBIA wakes to life, and braves
Her late tyrannick mistress ; o'er the deep
The sons of Commerce now fresh harvests hope to reap.

* See Note page 215.

VIII.

O'ershadow'd by monopoly's dark wings,
COLOMBIA languish'd long, but now no more—
And many a vessel, richly-freighted, brings
Her wealth triumphantly to CHILI's shore ;
Returning homewards with the wondrous store
That nature in the country doth pour forth
From her horn bursting with its fulness o'er ;
Thus though proud kings unite from South and North,
Freedom unshaken smiles, and vindicates her worth.

IX.

Thou vasty deep ! what treasures lie conceal'd
Within thy caverns, coral-paved, below
The plummet's reach, that ne'er shall be reveal'd
'Till the dread Angel his last tromp shall blow,
Then all will Nature's secret wonders know ;
But they, beheld, must disappear, and melt
Away with fervent heat, nor ebb, nor flow
Of mighty waters shall be seen or felt :
No vestige will remain of lands where man hath dwelt.

X.

And shall this Ocean that compared might be
(If aught the perishable world can have
Likened unto it,) with eternity,
Be lost at once, as is a single wave
That breaks upon the beach? this greedy grave
Of shatter'd navies, shall it ever cease
To gorge its victims while fierce tempests rave?
Whate'er the great Creator wills, with ease
He can perform; build worlds, destroy them, if he please.

XI.

Heaven, Earth, and Ocean perish; but the soul
Survives, through ages after ages blest.
Burning for knowledge, where new Planets roll
'Twill wing its flight; here oft by care deprest
The mind for wisdom loses all its zest.
But loosed from earth, all-seeing it will pass
Through boundless space, or contemplate at rest
Things which it darkly sees as through a glass:
While "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" within its fleshly
mass!

XII.

What other worlds interfluent among,
Oceans may swell and roar, 'tis vain to think.
Such themes befit not a poor mortal's song.
Imagination leads us to the brink
Of a vast precipice ; we well might shrink
In gazing on the great obscure beneath.
There all is fathomless—the closest link
Of thought is broken by conjecture's breath,
When mind attempts to soar above the depths of death!

* ALFIERI.—When this great poet first saw the sea, he could not describe the emotions which the sight of it excited in him, and therefore he gave vent to his feelings in tears.

VERSES

TO BERNARD BARTON.

UNLIKE indeed the meteor light
That dazzles to betray,
Thou art a star to bless our sight,
And lead us on our way.

Mild are the breathings of thy lyre,
Thou gentle Bard, yet strong
Thy verse, whene'er thy "muse of fire"
To Heaven directs her song.

Thou hast not drunk, as others have,
From pleasure's poison'd chalice ;
Nor dost thou, misanthropic, rave
Against imagined malice.

How stainless thy poetic wreath !
How beautiful its hue !
Unsullied by the world's gross breath,
It looks for ever new.

WILLERSLEY.

THROUGH winding vales the peaceful Derwent steals,
And shuns the sunshine that its course reveals ;
Hid among woods, it calmly glides along :
Here let me learn to scorn the busy throng.
Trees (how majestic !) along the glade
Give “ boundless contiguity of shade ;”
Sheltered beneath their umbrage, let me rove,
In paths which sacred are to peace and love—
Where Rasselas might find content at last—
Where e’en his happy valley is surpast—
Where dimpling cheeks and laughing eyes express
(If true on earth, there only) happiness.

See, woods along the rocky steep
Magnificently rise ;
How graceful is the mountain's sweep !
How beautiful the skies !
E'en the projecting crags are dight
In the rich hues of morning light !
While Willersley is Cromford's boast,*
Can Paradise be wholly lost ?

The tangled shrubs creep o'er yon distant hills,
Whose soil more rugged seems; and there,
'Mid giant stones uncouth and bare,
Leap out unnumbered rills.

Their course the lively waters take
Through clefts, as lizards thrid the brake ;

* Willersley is the seat of Richard Arkwright, Esq. It is situated on a beautiful eminence about a mile from Matlock, just above the romantic village of Cromford.

Or where dark precipices frown,
Rush with collected fury down.
How sparkling are the streams ! how bright
The glorious falls where they unite !
Where trees, fantastically wove,
Form a green canopy above !
And then the spray, that dewes the bower
Above, descends a cloud-like shower ;
There 's contrast too of light and shade,
As sun-beams the recess invade.
The wild fern well becomes its place ;
The brushwood has luxuriant grace.

Tradition says that yon bold rocks
Were shiver'd by an earthquake's shocks ;
For nature's mighty agents here
Work out their wonders far and near.
Spirits of air and water, ye
Act with portentous energy.

Whether ye seek the cavern's gloom,
Or roar within the mountain's womb ;
And broken crags and harden'd weeds
Are proofs of your miraculous deeds !

VITTORIA COLONNA. (a)

Questa è la gloriosa e gran Madonna,
Che senza pari al mondo, è del suo sesso
L'honor sovran Vittoria Colonna ;
Che 'l nome fuo sopra le stelle ha messo ;
Vittoria che celeste ò mortal donna
Dubita il mondo di nomarla spesso ;
Vittoria che piangendo il suo marito
Non inen ella di lui si mostra à dito.

Bernardino Martirano.

DIVINE Colonna ! boast of Leo's days !
Rival of Petrarch in thy gentle lays !
Pride of a princely house, unmatch'd for fame ! (b)
Pescara's noble wife ! most glorious dame !
These were thy titles, fair Vittoria, thine
A heart Devotion deem'd its purest shrine :
Thou sang'st (instead of culling fancy's wreath)
Thy husband's virtues, and thy Saviour's death.

When fair Ausonia's sons were bathed in slaughter,
And Christian blood o'erflow'd the land like water ;
When poets, mindless of their glorious trust, (c)
Deck'd with gay flowers the hoary head of Lust,
Thy pious Muse look'd heaven-ward, or with zeal
Urged warring states their mutual wounds to heal.

Vittoria, like a heaven-descended spright,
Wander'd on Arno's banks at hush of night
With Him, the master-spirit of an age
Fertile in great ones,—Poet, Sculptor, Sage !
And pointing upwards to the deep blue sky,
(How beautiful thy star-light, Italy !)
“ There is stability alone,” she said ;
“ There, Buonarotti, when *thy* glories fade,
When e'en *thy* works shall perish, thou shalt live ;
The bent to genius let Religion give.
What thy vast mind has imaged, that thy hand
Has bodied forth in sculpture, truly grand.

O wondrous Man ! adore th' eternal Source
Of genius with thy soul's intensest force !
Should such a mind from its Creator turn,
Devils might well rejoice, and angels mourn.
Let truths tremendous on thy canvas dwell, ^(d)
Or joys celestial, or the woes of hell ;
Thus may'st thou fortify the good, and make
The wicked at thy painted terrors quake.
Masterly done ! thy giant forms o'erawe
The soul !—the Jewish Leader's look is law :
Trembling I gazed upon that look ; I felt
Such inward veneration, that I knelt.
The Persian feels such awe-commixt delight,
When sunbursts 'mid the storms break out so bright.
Many will strive to copy (vain their will !)
This great exemplar of creative skill.
God's mightiest prophet *lives* in marble ! View
Thy work, grand Architect, and own it true."

ROME, *November*, 1818.

NOTES ON VITTORIA COLONNA.

(^a) *Vittoria Colonna.*

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of the celebrated commander Patrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, by Anna di Montefeltro, the daughter of Frederigo, Duke of Urbino. She married Ferdinando d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, who died at Milan of his military fatigues, after a short but glorious life. "This fatal event," (says the learned and elegant biographer of Leo the Tenth) "blighted all the hopes of his consort; nor did her sorrow admit of any alleviation, except such as she found in celebrating the character and virtues of her husband, and recording their mutual affections in her tender and exquisite verse. She was a warm admirer of the great artist Michael Agnolo (Angelo,) who executed for her several excellent pieces of sculpture. She devoted her poetical talents chiefly to sacred subjects. Her exemplary conduct, and the uncommon merit of her writings, rendered her the general theme of applause among the most distinguished poets and

learned men of the time, with many of whom she maintained a friendly epistolary correspondence. Michael Agnolo addressed to her several sonnets. Among the Italian writers who have revived in their works the style of Petrarca, Vittoria Colonna is entitled to the first rank; and her sonnets, many of which are addressed to the shade of her departed husband, or relate to the state of her own mind, possess more vigour of thought, vivacity of colouring and natural pathos, than are generally to be found among the disciples of that school. Her verses in *ottava rima* excel the productions of any of her cotemporaries, excepting those only of the inimitable Ariosto. In one of his poems Michael Agnolo laments the fluctuating state of his religious sentiments, and calls upon the Marchesana to direct him in his spiritual concerns."—*Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth*, quarto edition, vol. iii. pp. 217-22.

(b) *Pride of a princely house, unmatch'd for fame.*

For the splendid origin, illustrious actions, &c. of the Colonna family, see *Gibbon*, vol. xii. p. 317. octavo edition. Marco Antonio Colonna commanded the Pope's galleys at the naval victory of Lepanto.—“Actium, *Lepanto*, fatal Trafalgar.”—*Childe Harold*.

Prospero Colonna was a very great general, (see *Guicciardini Ist.* lib. xiv.) Petrarca calls the Colonna, (the column) on which Rome rests her hopes.

(c) *When poets, mindless of their glorious trust.*

“The Muses are seen in the company of Passion, and there is almost no affection so depraved and vile which is not soothed by some kind of learning; and herein the indulgence and arrogance of wits doth exceedingly derogate from the Majesty of the Muses; that whereas they should be the leaders and ancient-bearers of life, they are become the footpages and buffoons to lust and vanity.” — *Bacon's Advancement of Learning*.

Many of the Italian poets have sullied their genius by the licentiousness of their writings; among them was “Il divino Pietro Aretino,” who made a mockery of religion, by alternately composing the most pious and the most licentious works; even the secretary of Leo the Tenth, the celebrated Bembo, is not exempt from the charge of writing obscene poems. “Quod poema merito vocare possis obscenissimam elegantiam, aut elegantissimam obscenitatem.” — See *Bayle*, art. *Bembo*, *Aretino*.

“O gracious God! how far have we
 Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy!
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love!”

Dryden.

(^d) *Let truths tremendous on thy canvas dwell.* .

The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican at Rome, thus calls forth the admiration of a powerful but fastidious critic, Mr. Forsyth.—“How congenial the powers of the painter! Bold and precipitating, they dash on to the immediate object, in defiance of rules and ridicule.” Of the great statue of Moses in the S. Pietro in Vincoli, he says, “Here sits the Moses of M. Angelo, frowning with the terrific eyebrows of Olympian Jove.”

SALERNO.

I.

How Beautiful, Salerno, is thy bay !
How green thy heights monastic !—let me stand
On yonder mountain, ('tis the break of day,)
And view, outstretch'd below, a sacred land,—
Beneath the day-blush indistinctly grand.
Here beauty smiled, and valour boldly fought :—
Who would not fight when beauty gives command ?
Here, with unclouded mind, the scholar sought
Those academes, where learning every science taught.

II.

Hail, thou thrice-blessed sun ! how very few
With thankfulness enjoy thy genial beams !
Or from the mountain's height are wont to view,
With feelings of delight, morn's earliest gleams,—
The mist uprising o'er the distant streams !
The morn's an emblem of our second birth ;
When we shall quit this pleasant land of dreams, (a)
The sun, to those who feel and know their worth,
Predicts eternal glories for the sons of earth.

III.

Here let me pause. The blood of Christ was spilt,
To free mankind from death's eternal chains :—
Not through indulgences to cancel guilt,
Or from the tainted heart wash out its stains,
Unless repentance chasten it with pains.
The spiritual pride of Rome must yield
To pure philosophy, that now disdains
Those papal fiats to which kings appeal'd,
When mad ambition used religion as its shield. (b)

IV.

Ye haughty Cardinals, who o'er the minds (°)
Of despot sovereigns held despotic sway,—
No heir to your self-willed ambition binds
Nobility, with iron links, to-day ;—
Your power anomalous has past away !
Ye were most potent ministers, and well,
With eagle swiftness, pounced upon your prey.
Yet are ye greater now than those who dwell
On Nicolo's vast heights, or hermit in his cell ? (d)

V.

Ye have upraised indeed the monarch's power,—
That it might fall from high with greater force :
The chains ye forged were broken in an hour,
By outraged multitudes, without remorse.
Affection is true loyalty's prime source.
Up mounts ambition, like a seeled dove,
(While vulgar spirits wonder at its course)
Higher and higher yet, it mounts above
Royalty's self, that scorns (how blind !) the people's love.

VI.

A few years pass away, and then—farewell
To wealth and rank, and all we hold most dear!—
For ever and for ever we must dwell
With saints or dæmons,—death approacheth near.
Why quakes yon mighty potentate with fear?
He leaves a name behind; and heroes toil
To gain—what many have who ne'er appear
But in the poet's fabled lays,—they spoil
Others' repose, and lose their own through vain turmoil!

VII.

Are not the heroes of romance as known
As Cæsar, Attila, or Ammon's son? (e)
What an unreal thing is that renown
Which after-ages give—for battles won—
To him, who from this bustling world is gone!
He wanders through the mansions of the dead,—
Where joy ne'er smiled, the light has never shone—
Vexed by the groans of those who daily bled,
That through—else happy—lands their lord might ruin
spread!

NOTES ON SALERNO.

(a) *When we shall quit this pleasant land of dreams.—*

Without entering into the fanciful and mystical ideas of Wordsworth, in regard to our present situation on earth, and a pre-existent state, I might be allowed to quote from the Divine Analogy of Bishop Butler.—“ Our present state may possibly be the consequence of somewhat past, of which we are wholly ignorant,—as it has a reference to somewhat to come, of which we know scarce any more than is necessary to practise.”

(b) *When mad ambition used Religion as its shield.*

Pope Anaclet gave the investiture of the principality of Capua to Roger the First, King of Sicily, when Robert, its own Prince, was in possession of it!—*Giannone, Ist. Nap. Lib. X.*

“ It is the liberty of Examination,” says Bentham,

•

“ which has corrected the errors of ignorance, and restores religion to its true object.”

Innocent the Third pretended that he had the right of legation over Sicily :—he deposes Philip in favour of Otho, and insists upon his deposition.

“ Il faut,” disoit-il, “ ou que le Prince Philippe perde l’empire, ou que je perde le souverain Pontificat.”—*Histoire d’Allemagne, par Barre.*

(c) *Ye haughty Cardinals, &c.*

Though the vices of Richelieu and Ximenes are in some degree sunk in the splendour of their abilities,—what shall we say of the cunning Mazarin and the turbulent de Retz ?

(d) *On Nicolo’s vast heights, or hermit in his cell ?*

St. Nicolo is a very high mountain in the island of Ischia. On its heights are the lonely dwellings of a few monks.—If they think it is necessary for their salvation that they should abstract themselves from the world, why should we quarrel with their voluntary retirement ? They err, at least, on the right side.

(e) *As Cæsar, Attila, or Ammon’s son ?*

“ Quoi donc à vôtre avis fut-ce un fou qu’Alexandre ?
Qui ? cet écervelé qui mit l’Asie en cendre ?

Ce fougueux l'Angéli, qui de sang altéré,
Maître du monde entier, s'y trouvoit trop serré ?
L'enragé qu'il étoit, né Roi d'une province,
Qu'il pouvoit gouverner en bon et sage Prince,
S'en alla follement, et pensant être Dieu,
Courir comme un Bandit qui n'a ni feu ni lieu ;
Et traînant avec soi les horreurs de la guerre,
De sa vaste folie emplir toute la terre.
Heureux ! si de son tems, pour cent bonnes raisons,
Le Macédoine eût eu de Petites-Maisons,
Et qu'un sage Tuteur l'eût en cette demeure,
Par avis de Parens, enfermé de bonne heure."—*Roileau.*

SONG.

“ A breathless feeling, a suspense
Of life, a quietude intense
Prevail'd around me in this hour ;
E'en Silence felt Love's mighty power.”

MS.

LIKE liquid gold glitter'd the waves of the ocean,
The moon there reflected her light :
All was silent and still : not a breeze was in motion ;
So deeply serene was the night.

O ! sacred to love was the thought-soothing hour
That hush'd all reflection away—
All life's busy cares ! so diffusive the power
Of love at the mild close of day !

What abandonment sweet did I feel, as I roved
Alone, o'er the far-winding shore.

Then came o'er my memory scenes that I loved,
Scenes, alas ! that I ne'er shall see more.

O Nature ! thy calm gives a pleasure indeed
To the heart that no words can express :
As sweet a delight as the lover's whose meed
Is his bride's long-expected caress.

ADDRESSED TO MY LITTLE GIRL.

THY eager look, my dearest child !

Thy little arms extended—

Thine eye so vivid, yet so mild,

Where life with love is blended—

That look, that smile, those eyes of blue,

Thy thousand winning ways,

Promise me pleasures pure and true,

Should God prolong my days.

But of the future none can speak ;
 That lies in depths of night ;
And vain are all our hopes, and weak
 Our fore-schemes of delight.

And wilt thou, when upon the bed
 Of sickness I shall lie,
Wilt thou support my aching head,
 And teach me how to die ?

My first-born child ! my Julia dear !
 Close to my heart I press thee ;
May HE whom all must love and fear,
 May HE for ever bless thee !

POEMS
WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

A FRAGMENT.

THE generous warrior, with a thoughtful eye,
Viewing his captive, heaves the pensive sigh.
“ Thus,” he exclaims, “ has fickle fortune graced
My name with honours soon to be effaced ;
When some proud victor dares ambition’s height,
My star of glory sheds diminish’d light ;
But virtue will remain, as years may roll,
The never-fading sunshine of the soul.”

Why droop philosophers to hear the name
Of him, whose deeds emblaze the rolls of fame ?
Can weakness sicken those whom virtue cheers
With health of mind increasing yet with years ?
No ! from another cause their sorrows flow,—
From wisdom, sensible of human woe.

To see, where happy ignorance is blind,
The deadly griefs, that overwhelm mankind—
To feel for others with a social soul—
To weep at reason's impotent control,
When passions lord it, with triumphant sway,
O'er senseless potentates, whom slaves obey—
Such is the envied privilege of thought :
The wisest man might wish himself untaught.

Let vain historians praise successful guilt,
Then coldly calculate the blood it spilt—
Dwell with delight on Cæsar's mighty deeds,
Then rail at treason, when the tyrant bleeds—
My humble mind, unblest by martial pride,
With pain pursued his sanguinary tide ;
But when, at length, death stemm'd his ruthless course,
I hail'd the dagger's patriotic force ;
Still shall the hero perish unrenown'd,
Unwept in death, nor e'en with honours crown'd ?

Shall Nelson lie forgotten in the grave,
Who stretch'd the arm to conquer, yet to save?
No! laurels thicken o'er the patriot's tomb;
His honours flourish in unfading bloom :
On acts like his, e'en rugged virtue smiles,
When freedom's keenness baffles ruffian wiles.

VERSES

WRITTEN UPON LEAVING HARROW SCHOOL.

O dulces comitum valete cœtus,
Longe quos simul a domo profectos
Diversè variæ viæ reportant.

Catullus.

As evening shades, in summer, calm the light,
Thus thoughts of future, temper wild delight.
Through Hope's delusive glass bright scenes we view,
By many fancied—realized to few.
All are pre-doomed to taste the cup of woe,
To war with griefs which here they never know.
In youth's gay spring, the soul, devoid of care,
Forebodes no cloud—life seems in prospect fair ;
Soon withers on the cheek the rose of health ;
Soon is consumed anticipated wealth.

When sickness wastes the frame, disgrace the heart,
 Untimely death alone can ease impart.
 How relative is happiness!—e'en now,
 When, with unusual warmth, my spirits glow,
 Some fondly dream o'er days of boyhood past,
 And fain would wish them, if renew'd, to last;
 'Till memory wakes in age a transient joy,
 The world's worn pilgrim seems again a boy.

Ye dear companions of my early years,
 Oh! may these prove but visionary fears!
 Yet, should the world, with meretricious wiles,
 Contract the heart, deform fair friendship's smiles—
 Should lawless passions frighten reason down,
 Then seat themselves, alternate, on her throne;
 When each might lord it with unruly power,
 The petty tyrant of the passing hour—
 Say, which were best, Orbilius * to obey,
 Or thus to wild affections fall a prey!

* Orbilius is the name of the schoolmaster of Horace. Here poetic license makes it synonymous with that of any schoolmaster.

To cheer reflection, science shines afar,
Her will I follow as my polar star.
She will conduct me to the blest retreats
Of classic taste—the Muse's sacred seats.
Still shall this hill, with Wisdom's nurslings blest,
Wake many a fond remembrance in my breast.
Here, oft, with unavailing zeal, I sought
To body forth in verse the fleeting thought,
That charm'd the fancy, while it mock'd the mind,
Then fled—too volatile to be confined.
Here throb'd my anxious breast 'twixt hope and fear,
As peal'd the warning bell upon my ear.
Here, beckon'd on by Freedom's lawless smile,
I wander'd forth to pass the well-known mile.
Some chiding "voice in every breeze" I heard;
Now onwards ran—now trembling; scarcely stirr'd.
Here Superstition raised no local dread,
With careless step I roved among the dead;
Laugh'd at the quaint memorials of our doom,
That, carved on wood, adorn'd the rustic's tomb.

Here have I tasted innocent delight ;
No conscious guilt disturb'd my rest at night.
May no sad contrast to these happy times
Add weight to woe, or aggravate my crimes.

Scenes of my youth, farewell ! nor thou refuse
This tributary effort of my Muse—
Thou, whom no more 'tis flattery to commend,
My guide—excuse a fonder term—my friend.
Still prune with care the student's vagrant lays,
Sweeten the toil of early worth with praise :
Bid Genius kindle at a poet's name,
And young Ambition emulate thy fame.

TO MY SISTER,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd ;
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

How swiftly pass our early years away !
Youth seems the short-lived phantom of a day.*
Childhood is gone, that fairy scene is o'er ;
The sports of infancy now please no more ;
On past delights remembrance loves to dwell,
While sighs break forth to calm the bosom's swell.
You smile, perchance, at such a mournful strain ;
“ Mine are the joys of life, why thus complain ?”

* Festinat enim decurrere velox,

Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ

Portio : dum bibimus, dum certa, unguenta, puellas,

Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus. Juv. Sat. ix.

Though Fashion beckons from the splendid hall—
Though Pleasure seems to triumph at the ball—
Think not that real happiness is there,
Nor trust, my Mary, wealth's imposing glare.
Of all the motley crew who crowd the town,
How few there are who can exist alone !
Some fly to gaieties to banish grief:
Can flippant converse give the heart relief?
Some to conceal their narrow range of thought ;
These *look* intelligence ; yet *talk* of nought.
No airy visions o'er their fancy sweep ;
Their souls are chain'd in one perpetual sleep.
These men are solemn mountebanks at best,
Outcasts of Nature, though by Fortune blest,
Compared with him whose bosom Genius fires,
Whom Science brightens, or the Muse inspires.
Youth's fresh'ning aspect, Beauty's faultless form,
Shrink from the searching blast of sorrow's storm :

But intellect, that Deity within,
Will soften grief; nay more, may conquer sin.
It gathers strength through each successive year—
More amiable in age its charms appear—
While Pleasure's surfeit palls upon the heart,
And fashion's fair illusions soon depart.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

BLEST as thou wert, Fitzpatrick, with a mind
By eloquence sublimed, by wit refined,
With all the gifts that science could impart,
With all the social virtues of the heart ;
Colloquial elegance to charm the fair,
The table's boast, though *Sheridan* was there ;
Well might we mourn for ever, ever gone
Such splendid qualities combined in one.
Yet, hating all the foppery of praise,
Thy Muse retiring, shunn'd the public gaze.
The multitude's applauses are but low,
Compared with those which learning's sons bestow.

If Fox,* companion of an honour'd few
Souls of an higher class, to friendship true,
Smiled on thy efforts, in those glorious nights
When Fancy soar'd above her usual flights ;
Or when Philosophy display'd her charms—
To lure the patriot from her sister's arms,
His kind approval was thy best reward ;
It warm'd the man, inspirited the bard.

* *Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli ;*

HOR. Sat.

THE DESERTED FRIEND.

And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dies like ill-grounded seeds.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit, atque
Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.

Horat. Epist.

MILD was the air, serene the night,
The moon beam'd forth her tranquil light,
No stormy dæmon roused the blast,
(As o'er the hills in haste I past,)
To chill my frame or cramp my speed—
But oh! my heart was cold indeed.
The look of scorn, the shameless stare,
Had curdled e'en the life-blood there,
For friends had strangely gazed on me :
I marr'd, perchance, their social glee.

Yet once they bade my spirits glow—
My crime was then—the same as now.
Too quickly summer's beauty dies !
The moral's plain—" In time be wise."
The winter's rage prepared to brave,
No shock we feel, though tempests rave ;
But friendship, I too fondly thought,
Would last for ever, if unbought,
Life's constant sunshine ; to the breast
An Eden, nay, an heaven of rest,
Where, when the world's vexations tire,
It might, to soothe its pangs, retire.
I was deceived : the bitter truth
Proves confidence is nought in youth.
Such change, alas ! was not foreseen,
Yet oft before, such change has been ;
And many have been duped by others,
Who seem'd to them as kind as brothers.
How the bright arch that spans the sky,
In childhood caught my eager eye :

The beauteous curve appear'd to stand
Substantial on yon rising land.
How rich its hues ! each hue alone
Betray'd a link of precious stone.
The glorious prize within my view,
One luckless day I must pursue ;
From hill to hill it quickly fled,
Through bush and brake my steps it led ;
Then, as it mock'd my further stay,
It fainter gleam'd—it died away.
Home I return'd, ashamed, yet smiled,
In seeming scorn, on chase so wild.

Thus 'tis with friendship ; many claim
A portion of her hallow'd flame,
Yet friendship scarce exists on earth :
Few seek, still fewer find, her worth.
The maid unseen, we love to chase
Some airy vision in her place.

But soon we mourn the shadow lost,
Youth will despair when hopes are crost ;
Then bitterly we rue the time
When confidence appear'd no crime.
Will wisdom soothe us? 'tis too late,
Love was abused—then welcome hate.

ON KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Majestic, though in ruins.—*Milton.*

MOULDERING away in desolated pride,
Thy glory past, thy majesty remains ;
Though time has torn thy pillar'd porches wide,
Where Echo sleeps, and horrid Silence reigns.
Thus onwards all things to destruction glide,
Whatever pageantries this world contains—
Decaying, not o'erthrown ! thou still art seen
A monumental wreck, of what thou erst hast been.

Still let me contemplate thy wasting walls,
Thy topless columns whence the owlet screams :
Those grass-worn mounds were once baronial halls,
Whose pristine worth surpasseth Fancy's dreams.
There chivalry presided o'er the balls,
The sun of beauty there shed forth its beams :
Now all its loneliness ! Reflection, say
How long the works of man outlive man's little day !

OFFA, KING OF MERCIA.

HONOUR but weakens high emprise ;
It never guides the truly wise.
Offa had learn'd this regal lore,
By history taught to many more.
Whate'er he will'd, *that* must be right,
Were it an act of cruel might.
Success had sanctified his schemes ;
All scruples were but dotard's dreams.
Yet was his heart untroubled, free
From conscience-rousing agony ?
No ! for those pangs, he ne'er would own,
Oft started through his deepen'd frown.
The thoughts of death were painful, yet
His mind on savage deeds was set.
He loved the fight ; his fearless hand
Wielded with ease the deadly brand ;

But more he loved to gain his end,
By arts to which e'en kings descend,
Outwitting those who ne'er believed
That man his brother man deceived.
And Offa's brow was worn with thought :
His were the fruits of wars well fought ;
His too the counsel—well he saw
That sovereignty itself is law.
His schemes were framed with practised skill ;
No sturdy faction crost his will.
Invincible miscall'd, a slave
To passions such as taint the brave,
He had upheld fair Mercia's fame,
He had o'erwhelm'd his foes with shame ;
“ Grim-visaged war ” on him had smiled,
Him fortune never had beguiled.
Brave spirit ! though the foe were near,
Thy very name had banish'd fear.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

Such as are ambitious are incited by the greatness of their power to attempt great matters; and the most sottish or lazy may discharge themselves of Cares, and hope that others will be more easily hired to take the burden of business upon them while they lie at ease.

Sidney on Government, page 165.

I.

THAT master-vice Ambition has its course;
It wakens Hope,—it promises success:
Can Wisdom, Reason, Justice break the force,
Of those bold passions that o'erlook distress?
Not Fear itself, their vigour can repress.
Hence Pride attempts what Fancy had design'd,
Betraying often its own littleness;
Fortune unbalances the strongest mind,
Such vanities beset the mightiest of mankind.

II.

These truths experience, history ever taught,
And many a moral tale in childhood loved ;
But men by splendid wickedness are caught,
They laud those acts which erst they disapproved ;
Their spleen, by buried crime alone is moved.
Great villains thrive—we deem them great indeed.
How brave their spirits, wheresoe'er they roved
To desolate the world, while millions bleed,
Officious fools for aye the cause of bravoës plead.

III.

While Avès vehement confuse their brains,
Kings would be demigods, and courtiers kneel.
Audacious mockery ! the Muse refrains
From courting those who ne'er for others feel.
Alas ! she cannot scorn the proud appeal
Of steel-clad heroes to her lofty lay ;
For them she weaves the laurel-wreath with zeal.
As hirelings stalk along in proud array,
Where blazing lights shed forth an artificial day.

IV.

And Genius thus is self-betray'd to please
An heartless tyrant, in his pride of power.
The love of flattery is a sore disease ;
It spreads from chieftains' hall to ladies' bower.
The worm that gnaws the oak destroys the flower.
Shall sacred poesy that heavenward springs,
Her flights, to creep before a mortal, lower ?
She scorns the song which venal minstrel sings,
Nor to delight the proud her own fine offering brings.

V.

The worshippers of images offend
Against Omnipotence ; nor they alone ;
Those too, who, mindless of their nature, bend
Before a fool or tyrant on a throne.
Such men to scorn their God are ever prone.
Their idols soon are swept away from earth,
In folly riotous, with pride upblown.
What then avail their victories or mirth,
The splendour of their deeds, the lustre of their birth ?

.VI.

Truth must prevail at length ; who now reveres
Almamon's ^(a) wealth, or Akber's ^(b) mighty name ?
Or his ^(c) far more renown'd in later years,
Once loudly thunder'd through the trump of fame ?
His hardihood may women-warriors shame,
The beams of science, pierce through northern gloom,
Barbarian tribes their love of arts proclaim ;
Justice may soon in all her beauty bloom,
And Prejudice lie sunk in dark oblivion's tomb. ^(d)

NOTES TO "THE WORLD AS IT IS."

(^a) *Almamon's wealth.*

See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. v. page 419, quarto edit.—After describing the immense wealth of Almansor, who laid the foundation of Bagdad, the Author thus proceeds. "The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province, a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars, before he drew his foot from the stirrup."

(^b) *Akber's mighty name.*

For the account of the exploits of Akber, his magnificent palace at Agra, and his splendid peacock throne, I refer the reader to Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. i. pages 196. 210.

(^c) *Or his far more renown'd !*

Napoleon Buonaparte ! "How art thou fallen, Lucifer, Son of the Morning !"

(^d) *And prejudice lie sunk.*

"Fond impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath has quench'd the Orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nation with redoubled ray."

Gray's Bard.

ROSAMOND, A FRAGMENT.*

“ Talche si potè dire Alboino vinse l'Italia, et una Femina vinse Alboino.”
—*Del Regno d'Italia Epitome.*

“ HE would despise me as a thing that bears
Insult with patience, or dissolves in tears.
A better lesson to his sex I'll teach ;
The cruel madman is within my reach.
Revenge is mine ; that passion ill suppress
Rages with quicken'd fury in my breast.
Were there no mountebanks to furnish sport
For all the savages who crowd his court,

* For the story to which this fragment relates, see Gibbon's
“ Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” Quarto edit. vol. iv.
page 430.

But *I* must be selected to delight
Their vaunting spirits—forced to such a sight?—
Yet it unnerves me not; my father's will
Is done, and hatred stifles sense of ill.
This pleasant triumph too may sadly end;
Trust not, fool-hardy prince, the seeming friend.
Thy wife is but thy slave, untrue to thee,
Her person is encaged, her heart is free;
Or if not free, another doth possess
That, which thee, parricide, can never bless.
Not always he, who braves in various shapes
Death undisguised, his secret snare escapes.
Thy Lombard chiefs shall not protect thee now,
A woman's weak revenge will give the blow.
Thus self absolved from crime, let others prate,
I'll urge my gentle paramour to hate
That royal monster whose untender zeal
Has forced my soul this agony to feel."

Thus spoke the lofty dame, while passions strove
Within for mastery—hate, vengeance, love.
Hate of her cruel lord, revenge on him
Who tore her very heart to please his whim.
Another passion rose, as bad indeed,
Yet such as cheer'd her at her utmost need.
The slayer of her kindred forced to wed,
Dragg'd like a victim to the nuptial bed,
Marriage to her no morning-star appear'd ;
Its imaged brightness once her hopes had cheer'd.
Why marvel that her feelings went astray,
When thus was undermined their only stay ?

BRUTUS.

“ When the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore their former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own disposition, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery.”

Swift.

WHEN Liberty, triumphing over her foes,
Re-breath'd, though affrighted at Italy's woes,
The sword of her Brutus was redden'd in vain;
He broke, yet the Romans refasten'd, the chain.
For tyranny's woe-trumpet near and afar,
Bade the legions of servitude rush to the war.
He, the last of the Romans, by Fortune disown'd,
(That goddess the brows of an Antony crown'd)
Saw Freedom dishonour'd by those whom she loved,
Saw the charms of mock-glory by thousands approved.

All proud of a master, *none* conscious of shame ;
Religion unheeded, and virtue a name.*

The genius of Rome had aroused him too late—
Overborne by the torrent, he yielded to fate.

* See an admirable defence of the exclamation of Brutus in his dying moments, in the Dictionnaire de Bayle sur l'article Brutus, tom. 1. page 677.

ON THE
DEATH OF ROSA.

“ ————— as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth.”

The Maid's Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

A HEART full of feeling, poor Rosa, was thine,
Thy virtues deceived thee indeed;
But beauty and tenderness frequently shine
In the victims predestined to bleed.

Some pitiless hypocrite tainted thy youth,
Thus the morn of thy life was o'ercast;
He spoke but of happiness—cruel untruth,
At that moment for ever 'twas past.

Thy spirit that sported in yesterday's light,
Now sadden'd and droop'd in the shade ;
Like the Garland of Chloe* that wither'd at night,
Thy innocence blossom'd to fade.

Rejected of man, the poor sufferer sought
That mercy, denied her on earth,
From Him, in whose eyes our best virtues are nought,
If haughtiness pampers their worth.

She loved—was betray'd—is misfortune a crime ?
Ah no ! *that* I ne'er can believe ;
The seducer may thrive in his guilt for a time,
There is ONE whom he cannot deceive.

Fair mourner ! thy agony soon will be o'er,
Since Mercy is hovering nigh ;
That pang—'tis the price of forgiveness—no more,
Thou art welcomed by angels on high.

* See Prior's Garland.

VERSES

ON THE

COMMEMORATION OF THE SECOND CENTENARY
OF SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT beings, Ariel-like, appear
To flit along the sky?
'Tis come, 'tis come the joyous year,
In gladsomeness they cry,

Their eyes with brighter radiance shine,
Lighter their wings, and oh! how fine!
Merrily, merrily, from the air
To Fancy's pictured hall repair.

There fairy-land in landscape glows ;
There Oberon shall crown the brows
Of him to whom 'tis meet to pay
Our homage on this holy-day.

There shines not the sun ; but a new light from heaven,
Many-colour'd as Iris, to Genius is given ;
Who waves it, and waving it, fitfully plays
O'er our Shakespeare's fine eyes that reflect back its
rays.

Lo ! seated on her opal throne
In robes, eye-spotted, Fancy smiles ;
Well might she smile, her fruitful zone
With varied pleasures life beguiles.

Before her bright eyes, as if in a glass,
Fresh scenes in succession continually pass.
Unshrouding now her awful form ;
(Around her how the passions storm !)

Though "ever young yet full of eld,"*
Great Nature comes, as music swell'd
Through Fancy's hall, a mingled strain,—
Since pleasure, sorrow, all the train
Of subject feelings on her wait,
Her darling's fame to consecrate.

Quickly through the golden gate
Glide the fairies, to relate
All their pranks of yesternight;
With their coronals of flowers,
Gather'd after April showers,
'Tis indeed a lovely sight.

"Hail! mortal, hail, near Avon's stream,
As o'er thy slumbers Nature smiled,
We stole upon thee in a dream,
To fill thy soul with fancies wild.

* Spenser.

The moonlight slept upon the bank,
To charm thy guardian from our prank ;
But still her sweet influence watch'd o'er thy head,
To temper the thoughts which our cunning had bred.
Then Nature and Fancy their labours combined
To store with their wonderful treasures thy mind ;
—Now place we on thy head a crown,
Fit for thy brows, and thine alone.”

The poet bows, his looks express
An intellectual consciousness ;
His features are so heavenly fair,
The mind, the eternal mind beams there.

A CHARACTER.

ALONZO was no common man, for few,
Like him, the art of pleasing others knew;
Nature on him had kindly lavish'd all
Those gifts that please alike in bower or hall!
His soul was bounteous, in his eyes shone forth
A spirit that express'd his inward worth.
His honour as the sun itself was bright,
Though transient mists might intercept its light.
Ambition (*his* a virtue) often turn'd
His mind to deeds for which his spirit burn'd.
Then would he knit on vacancy his brow,
Till e'en with thought exprest, it seem'd to glow.
Then dreams of greatness rush'd upon his brain—
In better times, those dreams had *not* been vain!

Long had Hispania been misruled by those
Who glut their little minds with others' woes ;
Their sole delight to trample on their kind,
As serpents taint the fairest things they find ;
Danger had scowl'd on all who dared to break
The bonds of silence for the people's sake.
To speak of freedom—'twas indeed to brave
The prison's durance, to forestall the grave !
Alonzo knew it ; oft he wish'd to try
The chance of war—to conquer or to die.
The cause was hopeless, and to bleed alone
Had more of rashness than of virtue shown,
Since Chivalry, the nation's queen of yore,
Roused in her sons life's energies no more.
But thus compell'd to bear within his soul,
Feelings that often strove to break controul—
To stifle in his breast the will to dare—
Nay, more, to find his talents buried there,
By public virtue ne'er call'd forth to shine,
Of honest counsels an exhaustless mine !

Oh, that were misery ! besides, to wait
In seeming lowliness on slaves of state ;
Or else, the game of spies, to fret away,
In restless fear, day lingering after day.
These evils all so smote upon his heart,
He could not bear them ; no, he must depart ;
Quit in disguise his land, his native Spain,
To seek some foster-country o'er the main !

THE ABSENT POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

Stay ! my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me ;
Well you know how much you grieve me.
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?—*Burns.*

DOOM'D thus to worship thee in vain,
I mourn in sooth my rigid lot ;
Yet happier in this secret pain,
Than if thy beauty was forgot.

The sigh to memory gives a force,
That brings before me all thy charms ;
Of grief and joy alike the source,
Of rapture, or of fond alarms.

The smile,—for often will the smile
Chase the sad shades of thought away,
That darken o'er the brows awhile,
As clouds o'er cast an April day—

The smile re-animates my heart ;
Remembrance gives its welcome aid :
Then mine, and mine alone, thou art ;
But soon the phantom-pleasures fade !

The smile is fled—the sudden beam
That o'er the past so brightly shone,
Now fades away ; the fainter gleam
Of promised happiness is gone.

Oh ! would Futurity unveil
What must be, to my mental eye !
My spirit then might cease to quail,
When hopes and fears for ever die.

Again to meet thee ; then to love
With all the zest surprise can bring ;
Again to find my absent dove,
Again to hear my siren sing—

This will I hope ; yet, self-deceiving,
Like younglings laughing o'er the bowl,
That pleasure is their friend believing—
Thus hope intoxicates the soul.

Still is thy dear resemblance mine :
How mild, how eloquent that look !
Those eyes like twin-stars seem to shine ;
I yet possess thee—though forsook;—

Forsook by her who loved me more,
As once I thought, than words can tell ;
In Spenser's verse we learn'd love's lore,
And thou, dear, wert my Florimel.

This cheat of fancy long beguiled
Our winter nights, our summer days;
And Spenser's gentle spirit smiled
To hear two lovers hymn his praise.

And then Cleopolis on earth
Inimitable, oft we sought :
And oft applauded valour's worth,
As knights with savage giants fought :—

Enough of this ; my care-worn mind
Less happy thoughts must now engage !
Mine own dear love I cannot find ;
Can *fabled* loves my grief assuage ?

THE DEATH OF HOSSEIN.

This affecting narration of the death of Hossein, the grandson of Mahomet, may be read (it is, indeed, a pleasure to read it,) in "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. v. page 268, quarto edition.

THE Fatimites wearied, yet fearless oppose,
Though thinn'd in their numbers, their multiplied foes ;
With despair in their looks, how they rage o'er the field !
Though broken, *their* triumph is never to yield ;

Their sabres well-flesh'd, still gleam in the air,
They fight like the lion aroused from his lair ;
Each stroke is a death-blow,—in vain, for beneath
The pressure of myriads their last gasp they breathe.

But one yet remains. On, boasters ! and slay
The noblest of victims that's stricken to-day !
'Tis Hossein the good,—unarm'd, yet unmoved,
Though his heart inly bleeds for the brave ones he loved.

Near his tent he awaits the sad signal, and see !
His boys in the spring-time of age on his knee ;
He weeps, but the tear for *their* sorrow is shed,
Now, now, to their hearts swift the death-shaft is sped.

O ! spare him, ye murderers, childless, alone !
He bends o'er the lifeless, their death-knell his groan ;
He cries to his God in his agony now,
The damp sweat commingling with blood on his brow.

Still merciless ! on, ye brave monsters ! imbrue
Your hands in *his* blood, who is praying for you.
Bereft of its ivy, the desolate wall
Invites the destroyer to hasten its fall :—

The warrior is dying! what spirit appears
To rush from his tent?—'tis his sister in tears!
“ Yet save him—my brother—look, look how he bleeds!
“ Oh, Shamar!”—in vain the fair suppliant pleads!

He is slain!—but the Moslems yet cherish his fame,
And dear to the hearts of the young is his name:
And the aged revere it; the freeman and slave
Still mourn for the death of the gentle and brave.

VERSES
ON THE DEATH OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WELL might the comic Muse, with drooping head,
Heave the deep sigh—her Sheridan is dead:
The sisters mourn for him, whose master-mind
Each separate talent in itself combined,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry; the fame
Of either had immortalized his name.
O, could the Muse's skill but match her zeal,
Then might the mournful lay, like his, appeal
To British hearts; like his, when Garrick died,
How glow'd the verse to sympathy allied!
Each word with plaintive sweetness charm'd the ear,
As flowers exhale a fragrance o'er the bier.

Where is the mourner now, whose bosom bled
For kindred genius gone?—he too is dead!
Turn to the scenes of mimic life, there view
The characters our young Menander drew.
Caprice in all her wayward fits display'd,
Folly in all her nicer shades pourtray'd;
The testiness of age—the soldier's sense—
The maiden's sweet discourse—Love's eloquence;
The lively wife, not quite by fashion spoil'd,
The smooth artificer of mischief foil'd;
The generous rake, for, lingering near his heart,
His better genius would not yet depart:—
These true to nature, still adorn our stage,
Or, in his calm retreat, amuse the sage.
These, like the gems of rarer worth are prized,
When those of transient value are despised.

In senates, there his talents shone confest;
As wit delighted, passion storm'd the breast.
The mind, with taste, sense, judgment, feeling, fraught
Seem'd to be blest by more than human thought!

Hence burning words, for freedom gave the choice,
The lightning of his eye, the magic of his voice !

When social mirth beam'd forth in every eye,
His was the lively jest, the keen reply ;
The flow of soul, wit season'd high the song,
While playful Fancy drove old Time along.

As glides a solemn stream by some dark grove
Of cypress trees that mournful sigh above,—
Following his loved remains, the good and great
March'd sadly onwards in funereal state,
To that proud scene, where patriots, poets lie,
(Sacred their dust—their fame shall never die)—
There last, not least, our Sheridan was laid,
There weeping Friendship her sad tribute paid.

Ye noble few, whose mem'ries ponder o'er
His cheerful smile, his wit's unfailing store,
Bright to the last ; how graceful are your tears,
They tell of what he was in happier years.

The friend, whose genius shed its vivid ray,
Far from your hearts to drive life's cares away—
The gay companion, sharers in whose mirth,
You had forgot that sorrow dwelt on earth.

Ye fair, who knew his elegance of mind,
His soul, still breathing in the verse refined ;
His purity of heart tow'rd her he loved,
(Her fondness by the bitterest trial proved)—
While in your hearts the fond affections live,
His faults, whate'er they were, you must forgive.
And you, you all, whom many a sprightly scene
Waking applause, shall teach what he has been ;
Who still revere the patriot, love the bard,
From envy's blight his sacred mem'ry guard !
While glory circling round his cold, pale urn,
By Fancy watch'd, shall undefiled burn.

AN EVENING IN CUBA.

The clearness and brilliancy of the heavens, the serenity of the air, and the soft tranquillity in which Nature reposes, contribute to harmonize the mind, and produce calm and delightful sensations.

Edwards's West Indies, vol. 1. page 10.

How lovely was that eve, the moon shone clear,
Not e'en a vapoury cloud was sailing near !
The fire-flies swarm'd around with fitful glare,
Like magic gems, they sparkled through the air.
Now glow'd the stars, in such a bright array,
They seem'd to lighten forth a milder day :
There might th' exulting soul aspire to be
Mingled with light through all eternity !

THE LAMENT OF ALTAMONT.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING "TIMON OF ATHENS" AT DRURY
LANE THEATRE.

I.

GENIUS of fallen Babylon—behold
In London, mart of opulence and vice,
Thy scenes of former luxury unroll'd!
Here every thing, e'en woman, has its price:
Here Mammon plies his subtle trade with dice:
Bevies of dainty damsels here abound,
With Levi's tribe the unwary to entice,
Till fortune, mind, and body be unsound:
Corruption's fatal gulfs here menace all around!

II.

Much is allow'd to youth, to feelings strong,
To Pleasure's tempting look, companions gay ;
He who would scorn the soul-awak'ning song,
Whose heart is shut 'gainst beauty's genial ray,—
He would despise the loveliness of May ;—
Not outward, no, nor inward sunshine warms
His soul, himself a moving mass of clay.
The goodliest prospect has for him no charms ;
He never, never felt the lover's sweet alarms.

III.

Awake to life !—no more of harlot's smiles
Dream, nor the noisy merriment of knaves.
How many losels perish by the wiles
Of sweet Aspasia, Timon's grateful slaves.
Lo ! the trim yacht rides buoyant o'er the waves,
Fairer in show, more fragile than the rest
Of meaner barks : the sudden tempest raves—
Amidst th' ignoble craft she rolls distrest,
It nought avails her now to be so gaily drest.

IV.

'Tis vain to mourn—yet oft remorse will tear
The breast, from which all virtues are not wrung
By wantonness, false witch, whose aspect fair
Blinds doating eld, but fascinates the young,
Till by her arts their sinews are unstrung,
Their strength exhausted ;—wasted in their prime,
They mar those hopes to which their parents clung,
Fame, fortune, genius sacrificed to crime—
And all these lessons learn'd in boyhood's happier time !

V.

Life is a blank to those whom Fancy blest
E'en in their infancy ; for why ? they scorn,
When Pleasure, warmly sought, has lost her zest,
Those social duties for which man is born :—
A long, long night succeeds their lovely morn !
Where shall the luckless child of Nature turn,
Baffled by hope, by fiercer passions torn ?
He dares the wisdom of the world to spurn,
Yet by the world misled, for ever doom'd to mourn !

VI.

Be then utility alone the aim
Of all thy actions ; ere it be too late
The doubtful meed of poesy disclaim.
Let nobler hopes thy glowing soul elate,
With honest zeal uphold the sinking state :
Be this the penance for thy follies past.
Far better than in maudlin verse to prate
Of what in days of revelry thou wast :
Shall self-recorded vice its acted time outlast ?

VII.

Invention too must cease to yield delight ;
For pleasure has its limits : then refrain
Awhile from courting Fancy's aid—poor wight !
Thoughts too intense will prey upon thy brain :—
Since e'en an o'er-fraught memory brings pain.
Nature's unbounded realms would'st thou explore ?
She views thy puny efforts with disdain :
The learned are but idlers on her shore ;
So deem'd that wond'rous man best skill'd in Nature's
lore. (a)

VIII.

Thy brethren in distress demand thy care,
Whose only bed is now the cold damp earth;
Go these relieve;—far sweeter is the prayer
For thee, for thine, that gratitude pours forth,
Than heartless praises, which the sons of mirth,
Madd'ning with lust and wine, on thee bestow.
Shall they to-morrow still proclaim thy worth,
Who with o'erflowing zeal to-night do glow?
Fond liberal fool! I fear 'twill not indeed be so?

IX.

O Howard, Reynolds! names to man more dear
Than those of heroes who have fought and died!
You follow'd well our Saviour's footsteps here,
While dove-eyed Charity—celestial guide—
Scatter'd unnumber'd blessings by your side!
To save the soul oppress'd by guilt, to give
To virtuous industry an honest pride;
This your ambition, may it ever live—
Fresh with the dews of heaven its boundless laurels
thrive.

NOTE ON "THE LAMENT OF ALTAMONT."

(^a) *So deem'd that wond'rous man, &c.*

"It is related of Sir Isaac Newton, that in speaking, on some occasion, of his discoveries, he compared himself to a boy collecting pebbles on the sea-shore."

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM stands upon the hill,
Crowns are scatter'd at her feet ;
Power now bends unto her will,
Nature's sons her presence greet.

How she mocks the pride of kings !
How she scorns the idle show !
Now, she cries, on eagle's wings,
'Gainst the thankless tribe I 'll go.

Virtue, Wisdom, you alone
Just pre-eminence deserve ;
Attributes to that high throne
Which the freest love to serve.

Break the prison gates, behold
Men of intellect divine
Forced by things of coarser mould,
In the dungeon's gloom to pine !

See ! the tyrant raises high,
Girt with battlements around,
Towers, that seem to brave the sky :
His strength is nought—his hopes unsound.

Be he robed in purple pall,
Death shall seize the gorgeous prize !
Though before him thousands fall,
Freemen shout “ Revenge ”—he dies !

THE STORM.

LOUD howl the winds around, the sea on high
Bandies its giant waves against the sky.
Now the red lightnings run along the ground:
Trees snapt asunder from the earth rebound
The sweeping tempest hurries on its way,
Ocean and earth, and heaven, alike its prey.

THE SONG OF NOUZONIHAR.*

O HUSH thy complaints, my dear youth !

Gulchenrouz, my darling, believe

I love thee, I speak but the truth ;

And when was I known to deceive ?

I will suffer no Gouls to be near

The boy whom I love and protect ;

Then, my Meignoun, away with all fear,

Nor the faith of your Leilah suspect.†

* See "The Caliph Vathek."

† Ce mot de Meignoun est devenu aussi le nom d'un fameux personnage que les Orientaux prennent pour le modèle d'un parfait amant. Sa maîtresse qui se nommoit Leilah est regardée aussi par les mêmes Orientaux comme la plus belle, et la plus chaste de toutes celles de son sexe. — *Bibliothèque Orientale d'Herbelot, Art. Meignoun.*

The bulbul may woo the sweet rose,
But thy cheek is the rose that I love :
Let us search where the Peris repose ;
As through jessamine bowers we rove.

The sapphire is bright, but more blue
Are thine eyes, and more lovely to me
Than the sapphire's deep light, or the hue
Of the violet sought by the bee.

O light as the antelope's leaps
Are thy feet in the dance, and the glow
Of thy breast is the rose-hue that sleeps
At sunset on vases of snow.

END OF " POEMS WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH."

TO THE LADY ———

THAT look again ! 'tis like the milder ray
Of eve in climes far lovelier than our own,
That woos the lonely wanderer to stray
Through scenes which ne'er night's deeper shades
imbrown.
So mild ; all other thoughts are hush'd away,
Save those that rise from rapture's gaze alone :
Thine is this *quiet* radiance, that beguiles
All sense of pain, that dazzles not, but smiles.

RECOLLECTIONS AT ———

WRITTEN IN OCT. 1826.

WILD flowers, that Fancy o'er our path has strown,
So gay in youth, maturer years imbrown ;
Nature's high instinct, like the vernal gales,
In childhood fresh'ning o'er the heart, prevails !
Shadows of beauty then around us come
Like trails of glory from the soul's first home,
Embellishing existence—they are gone,
Gone like the light that yesterday hath shone.

Yet forms that are most beautiful remain,
They do not woo the poet's love in vain :

While his fine genius gives to all he sees
Their natural colours, they must ever please !
His thought-embodying mind can well express
Sensations others do not feel the less.

With variegated hues adorn'd, below
A mellow autumn's sun, the woodlands glow ;
All is unbreathing silence, not a rush
Stirs, not a sound breaks through the noon-day hush.
Years have elapsed, but what are years, since they,
Whom I remember here, have past away !
Like to a sun-burst gathering clouds among,
Probus shone forth above the worldly throng
That walk in darkness, warming all who came
Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame. (a)
He drew towards God, with sweet attractive force,
Those who deflected from the proper course.
Though mild to others, to himself severe,
He ne'er relax'd, content that Heaven was near :
Religion on his heart betimes engraved
The maxim, " Be thou watchful to be saved."

His mind, within its tenement of dust,
Rose unassailable by passion's gust :
The pyramid, thus heavenward pointing, stands
Above the desert's ever-whirling sands.

Habitual piety had given a tone
Of feeling to him, that seem'd his alone ;
The calm intensity of which, unquell'd
By tumults of the world, each act impell'd.
He has received the meed of faith, and now
The cross shines forth triumphant on his brow.

He too, who while on earth could nothing find
To satisfy the longings of his mind.
So ill by grosser spirits understood,
May realize his dream of perfect good.

That dream a light prophetic, as he mused,
Gradual his mind's horizon circumfused ;
Promise through intervening mists of sense,
Of knowledge infinite, of love intense :

Love, as truth opes the everlasting doors
Of Heaven for the beloved of God, outpours
Through depths of space, from suns-embracing zones,
Harmonious joy in fragrance-breathing tones.

The light-encircled spirits seem to move
As visitants from Heaven through yonder grove ;
Though the world's follies be by them forgot,
Yet they might wish to consecrate the spot,
With their occasional presence, that on earth
They loved, where ripen'd first for Heaven their worth ;
There, there to flourish in its proper soil,
Not asking, to support it, further toil.
Virtue is there identified with Being,
Splendours we vaguely guess at ever seeing ;
Splendours ineffable, that Milton's pen
Scarce shadowed out, above our mental ken.—
Now they commingle with that holy race,
Whom powers that emanate from God embrace !

Measureless knowledge—man here *vainly* craves—
Now circumscribes them, as the sea its waves :
Now flashing forth and vanishing by turns,
Devotion's steady flame above them burns ;
The Sun of happiness that scarcely cheers
Our progress here, how bright to them appears !

NOTE ON RECOLLECTIONS AT —

(a) *Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame.*

Many a time God is present in the still voice and private retirement of a quiet religion, and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the strong fires of more laborious and expensive actions, are profitable to others; like a tree of balsam distilling precious liquors for others, not for its own use.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ADDRESS TO MY CIGAR,

WRITTEN UNDER ITS OPERATIVE INFLUENCE.

“ Ex fumo dare lucem.”

CIGAR, thou comfort of my life,

With joy I taste thy fragrant leaf ;

It soothes me when my heart's at strife

With the world's cares ; it gives relief

When at an Inn in lonely hour

Blue Devils rush before my sight ;

Its sweet intoxicating power

Turns Devils into Angels bright :

The cold that chills my feeble frame,

As damps arise, it soon dispels ;

In thee composure, or what name

Does better suit the feeling, dwells.

A self-complacency that creeps
O'er all the senses, thou alone
Canst give ; then every passion sleeps,
And thought assumes a milder tone.
At every whiff, a gentle heat
Like that of Love within me glows :
Through thee my friends are doubly sweet.
To me, I almost love my foes.—
If such thy virtues be, Cigar,
When other consolations fail,
If thou canst drive from man afar,
Those sorrows that his heart assail ;
If thou canst make the world appear
As in a glass of Claude Lorrain
Of loveliest hues—why then, 'tis clear
Thou better art than Wright's Champagne !

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

SAW you the Wood-Nymph pass this way,
As light in her step as a spirit of air,
With cheeks all glowing, with look so gay,
While the breeze plays with her beautiful hair ?

Nature alone can give the grace
That tempers vivacity in her fair form ;
Like Dian she moves, but her lovely face
With rose-hues Dione might envy is warm.

She bounded along like the gentle fawn
Through the glade, then rapidly glided away.
Thus vanish the fairies at break of dawn,
When their revels have ended beneath the moon'
ray.

WRITTEN ON A FINE MORNING.

“ The morn is up, by Heavens ! a lovely morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing away the clouds.”

Byron.

ANOTHER morn will rise
With splendour on its wings,
But this for ever flies
Away. While beauty flings

A thousand colours o'er
The earth, *they* reappear :
Yet thou wilt never more
Our hearts exulting cheer.

Sweet morn, on balmy gales
Where dost thou speed thy flight ?
To worlds where Love prevails
And wantons with Delight ;

Where ever blooming youth,
With Pleasure at his side,
And Innocence and Truth
In golden courts abide.

Then gentle morn awhile
Thy odours let me breathe :
Heaven seems above to smile,
'Tis Paradise beneath.

Flowers freshly gemm'd with dew
In tears entreat thy stay ;
And birds of every hue
Sing " Why so soon away ?"

The massy woods whose deep
Green is illumed with gold,
Would fain the colours keep
Thy radiance doth unfold.

Thy rose-hues, lovely morn !
Yet linger on the lake ;
Then why as soon as born
Wilt thou the world forsake ?

BELIEVE ME, SHE IS TRUE INDEED.

BELIEVE me, she is true indeed,
Whatever you surmise ;
Impartial be, and you may read
Her faith in her bright eyes.

Beaming with candour, every look
Gives evidence of Love ;
Oh do not then of Nature's book
The language disapprove !

Her smiles most eloquently speak
The self-approving glow
Of conscience, roses on her cheek
The health of virtue show.

Hypocrisy could never give
To woman such a grace ;
As seems, a sign from Heaven, to live
In her angelic face.

Believe me she is true indeed,
Whatever you surmise ;
Impartial be, and you may read
Her faith in her bright eyes.

VERSES ON HAWTHORNDEN.

Who can describe thy charms, sweet Hawthornden,
Fit residence of poetry and love !
What fair variety is here ! the glen,
Rocks clothed with oak, and beech that rise above
The Esk's impetuous stream below, the ken
Of thy romantic mansion, as we rove,
Thy winding walks among ! ah, where's the pen
Of thine own bard, to paint wood, rock, and cove ?

NOTE.

Hawthornden, once the abode of the Poet Drummond, is placed on a high rock or precipice, overlooking the river Esk, that runs rapidly below: the rocky sides of the glen, as you approach this delightful retreat, are covered with oak and birch that spring up from every crevice.* There are several caves in the rocks, in one of which, it is said that the patriot Wallace was concealed for two days.

* “ How fresh an’ fair o’ varied hue,
Ilk tufted haunt o’ sweet Buccleugh !
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale ;
An’ Mavisbank sae rural gay,
Looks bonnie down the woodland brae ;
But doubly fair ilk darling scene,
That screens the bowers of Hawthorn-dean.”—*Gall.*

PERFECTIBILITY.

The age of Sophists, Economists, and Calculators has succeeded.

Burke.

WHILE Institutions thrive, and boys are made
Philosophers by adventitious aid—
While e'en the difference 'twixt right and wrong
Must now to calculation's art belong—
While barren axioms, with much parade,
Are as increase of mental wealth display'd—
While dull materialists will not believe
That there are modes our senses can't perceive,
Rapid as thought, and bodiless as light,
As if what *is*, must present be to sight—
Some seers predict, their prescience not divine,
That in this world far greater lights will shine.

Then through the night of ages will the star
Of Shakspeare seem a luminous point afar :
That Governments more perfect will be wrought
By an improved machinery of thought !

Power yet evades, with cunning for a guide,
Deep plans by knowledge framed to curb his pride.
Awhile he may recede ; but reappears,
As Superstition vile her flag uprears :
Then (let the theorist of his race be proud,)
Around her troop the pomp-adoring crowd :
The despot sily fastens on their necks
His chain, adieu to legislative checks !

Lovers of liberty, alas ! proclaim
That man through life has but one selfish aim ;
That every act, whatever be its fruit,
In self-regarding interest takes its root :
A noble doctrine this, our hopes to cheer ;
Fine promise of the millenary year !

While all that grace and beautify our lives
Must now be thrown aside, as Reason thrives ;
And Poesy, divested of the warm
Colours that Fancy gives, must lose her charms.

Is an Utopian commonwealth the sole
Object of thought, *that* only reason's goal ?
And has the world unknown no higher bliss
Than that which sanguine minds predict in this ?
Minds that are mechanized by logic learn
To think by rule, but not for virtue yearn.
Virtue a never-failing zeal requires
To spread her influence, such as Love inspires.
Has the philologist e'er sown the seed
From which springs up to life a virtuous deed ?
Has the self-pluming moralist o'erthrown
Idolaters of sense, who faith disown ?

But now devotion, fond enthusiasts say,
Diffuses all around a brighter day.
Seeming Religion walks not in this age
With noiseless step, like heralds on a stage

Zealots blow loud the woe-trumpet, then urge
Denunciations, rising surge o'er surge,
Against their weaker brethren, through the town
They gain—but where's their charity?—renown.

Where is the zeal for virtue that entire
Circled the soul—an unconsuming fire,
That strength of purpose, which, as Jesus still'd
The raging sea, the calm of passions will'd?
Though science heavenward oft sublimely soars,
And amid worlds discover'd God adores—
Yet her disciples, analyzing laws
Of matter, may forget the great First Cause.
Unless humility, a flower once prized,
But, in this wiser age, a weed despised,
Shall with its pride-subduing virtue quell
Thoughts that are wont around vain hearts to swell!

Who like the poet-Preacher* glows with love
Inbreathed by the Great Spirit from above!

* Jeremy Taylor.

Who once on sacred heads in tongues of flame,
Down from the triune Sun of Glory came ;
Illumining with inward light, exprest
Thus visibly, the synod of the blest !

JAN. 30.

A SEA-VIEW.

A SUN impurpled glow
Is on the waveless sea,
And not a breeze doth blow,
And not a sail I see.

Like heaven's own pavement bright,*
Is now the placid deep,
On which the farewell light
Of sunset loves to sleep.

Thus beautiful in death
Is youth's departing flush ;
And lovely is the wreath
Where latest roses blush.

* Impurpled, like a sea of jasper shone.—MILTON.

Bognor, September 25, 1830.

TO A LARK.

THE hymeneal chant
While youthful hearts do pant,
Rising like incense rich, around a bridegroom
king,
Its strains cannot compare
With thine for notes so rare
That from thy joyous heart exultingly do spring.

Thy music is thine own ;
A soul-enchanting tone
By ecstasy inbreath'd, when thou wast born, to be
A soaring song of Love
Imbodied, that above
Mocks our most vivid joys with its ærial glee.

THE END.

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THE
SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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1832.



THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.



Now is the spirit from on high pour'd forth

On man; and where the dragons lay encaved,
Fresh streams of water flow : now triumphs worth, (*a*)

By purple tyranny no more enslaved,

That through the world too long uncheck'd has
raved.

Knowledge her blessings spreads from clime to clime,

Peace smiles where late war's crimson banners
waved; (*b*)

Thought, like an Eagle soaring in his prime (*c*)

Of strength, exulteth now, since zeal for truth's no
crime.

The crowning city beautiful appears,
Like a fair bride enrob'd in rich attire,
Glorying in the collected wealth of years,
Outshining, e'en in grandeur, far-fam'd Tyre; (*d*)
She has whate'er man's proudest hopes desire :
Her Merchant-Sons, since fortune favours pride,
To high companionship with kings aspire.
As if instinct with life her vessels glide,
Most glorious to behold, o'er her proud river's
tide.

Her daughters too, whose intellectual grace (*e*)
Heightens their beauty, that they seem to be
Less of a mortal than celestial race,
Are rationally homaged, and more free
Than in the boasted days of chivalry ;
When, closely pent within the castle walls,
Languish'd unseen these dames of high degree,
Till on some gaudy day the lovely thralls,
Like costly idols shone adored in gorgeous halls.

Wisdom is in her halls; to none refused
Are wisdom's precious gifts, as heretofore,
When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused;(f)
All may the tracts of science now explore:
Perish the vain monopoly of lore!
The gloom dispelling radiance of the morn
Delighteth not the rising traveller more,
Than it doth glad my heart, that lofty scorn
Recoils from the repellent strength of wisdom
lowly born.

Of t are those artificial fountains dry,
That skill, for grandeur, labours to create;
But streams, the mountain's natural founts supply,
Flow on for ever beautiful and great;
To give them birth, they need not toys of state;
Thus may the much-forc'd mind of high-born youth,
Prove to the rearer's hand a plant ingrate:
While that which nature nourishes, in sooth,
But partial culture asks to reach the heights of
truth.

Unlike the roll that in the heavens appeared,
 (Wherein and eke without were written "woe
"And lamentation,") to the Seer revered,
 Is the bright volume wisdom shows us now,
 Where joy and truth in brilliant colours glow.
Inquiry nerves the mind and quickens thought,
 The source from which our purest pleasures flow.
Bounds to research there are, which spirits fraught
With learning's stores would pass; in vain, their
 efforts end in nought.

The mind that thus its boundaries would pass,
 Is as a restless creature in its cage:
On unforbidden ground, though much it has
 Yet to acquire, still science may engage
 Its fullest powers, or Neibuhr's* novel page!
Much to unlearn we have, and more to learn,
 As here we journey on to life's last stage,
Within the confines of our route; why yearn
For mysteries, which to know e'en Seraphs vainly
 burn. (g)

* The celebrated, indefatigable, and liberal German
Historian of Rome.

Yet to the Sabbath those who toil will look, (*h*)
And the seal'd volume of a world unseen, (*i*)
For man has greater charms than Nature's book;
Though there are pages for inspection keen
Unroll'd as yet: Geologists I ween .
Have made but little progress in their lore! (*k*)
What shall be known, compared with what has
been,
Will be, as if a noon-day sun rose o'er
This earth, intenser light on favour'd man to pour.

Philosophy is like the ladder high
In Padan Haram, when in vision blest,
The Patriarch saw, uprising to the sky,
And then descending, Angels; to his breast
They gave the promise of a glorious rest:
Thus, by thy aid Philosophy, is man
Enabled to discern, though care-opprest,
His relative state of being, since began
Time to unfold his wings, and life's first current
ran

Impregnating all space, and mind effused
From its great parent stock, through worlds
above
And worlds around this globe of ours, diffused
Those elements in which all creatures move
And live; the universal bond is love. (*l*)
What pleasure 'tis, in mind, to trace the ties, (*m*)
Numerous as are leaflets in the grove,
That join our quick sensations, as they rise.
Fast, as each shadow brief along the mountain
flies.

High speculations are as faintly seen, (*n*)
As the gigantic mountain's shadowy height
When twilight draws her veil o'er such a scene
As heaven unrolls on earth for man's delight,
Late glowing in the sunset's purple light:
All may distinctly gospel truths behold,
They are with ever-living splendours bright:
Thus doth the noon-day sun, in rays of gold,
Along the fertile vale each object fair unfold.

The moral atmosphere doth lighten now

As with a paradise-clearness, thus appear'd
The sky o'er Jordan's stream; a purple glow
Invested heaven and earth as Jesus near'd
That Prophet, whom the Triune effluence cheer'd.
By man, unsocial bigotry may frown,
The bonds of brotherhood are more rever'd
Than in the olden times; is pride o'erthrown?
She quails, though on her head glitters the jewell'd
crown.

Life is a mystery, here we are placed

All on a level, wherefore vaunt the proud?
Have they the genuine form of truth embraced?
If not, in what do they excel the crowd
Whom the thick-coming shades of error shroud?
Oh! not to such vain spirits is it given
To dissipate life's overhanging cloud!
Or to direct for man the way to heaven,
They have too much of earth's all vitiating lea-
ven.

And strongly waxes now the word of God,
And very swiftly runneth through the world
Zeal, potent as the Seer's life-giving rod :
The banners of religion are unfurl'd
Far, and Aherman from his throne is hurl'd. (o)
Through culture's aid the naked rocks may smile,
Mantled in emerald green, with dew impearl'd ;
The seeds of truth shall ripen in each isle,
That now is rank with weeds of superstition vile.

NOTES TO THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.



(a) *Now is the spirit from on high pour'd forth
On man ; and where the dragons lay encaved,
Fresh streams of water flow."*

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out,
and streams in the desert.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool,
and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habi-
tation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass
with reeds and rushes."—ISAIAH, XXXV. 6, 7.

"The imperfection of political institutions," says
HUMBOLDT, "may for ages have converted places
where the commerce of the world should be concen-
tered, into deserts ; but the time approaches when
these obstacles will exist no longer. A vicious

administration cannot always struggle against the united interests of men, and civilization will be carried insensibly into those countries, the great destinies of which nature itself proclaims, by the physical configuration of the soil, the immense windings of the rivers, and the proximity of the two seas that bathe the coasts of Europe and Africa."

"Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedron doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains."

"Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper."

(b) *Peace smiles where late war's crimson banners waved.*

"The fruits of the spirit are peace," &c.

"The morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good, of the latter to inflict in-

juries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed, the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies, the latter to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest by falsehood, the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration. The natural consequence of their prevalence is, an unfeeling and unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talents and contempt of virtue; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the benevolent, the good, to men who are qualified by a genius fertile in expedients, a courage that is never appalled, and a heart that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth. While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is revolving in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with

tears and blood, and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.”—HALL’S *Reflections on War*.

The Discourses of that much-lamented Divine, the Rev. ROBERT HALL, are the most perfect compositions without any exception in the English language.

The mighty BURKE, when with surpassing eloquence he preached up a crusade against republican France, admitted that nothing short of extreme necessity will justify war.

“The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity, the rest is crime.”
—*Letter on a Regicide Peace*.

(c) *Thought like an eagle soaring in his prime.*

“Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and

shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means."—MILTON'S *Speech for Unlicenced Printing*.

(d) *Out-shining e'en in grandeur far-famed Tyre.*

"The power of the city of Tyre on the Mediterranean and in the West is well known; of this, Carthage, Utica, and Cadiz are celebrated monuments. We know that she extended her navigation even to the ocean, and carried her commerce beyond England to the north and the Canaries to the south." —TAV.

HERÓDOTUS says that in his time there was a temple dedicated to Hercules, which was enriched with many magnificent donations, especially with two pillars, the one of finest gold, the other of smaragdus; see also PERRY'S *View of the Levant*, page 135.

See the splendid and sublime description of Tyre, in EZEKIEL, chap. 27.

“Tyre was the centre to which all kinds of goods were conveyed, and from which they were again distributed in the districts where each was demanded. The vast gain thus acquired must have left a constantly increasing surplus of wealth, especially of the most compendious kinds of wealth, the precious metals, in that metropolis of the ancient commercial world.”—JACOB, *on the Precious Metals*, vol. 1, page 96.

(e) *Her daughters too.*

In the far-famed days of chivalry the ladies had no real influence, and while their names were passports for every sort of violence on the part of the proud chevaliers, who, self-constituted champions of justice, went about the country inflicting the very wrongs they pretended to avenge;—they themselves were deprived even of the ordinary benefits of education, and were shut out from the enjoyment of air and exercise. They were too costly for ordinary use, and while mocked with the semblances of an

admiration almost amounting to idolatry, were in reality treated like infants. How many weary hours did they endeavour to beguile in employing their delicate fingers on tapestry-work! How seldom were they admitted into the society of their affected worshippers, but real tyrants! Unacquainted with the light accomplishments that give such a grace to the female sex, they knew nothing of those more serious studies that women in the present day pursue with a success truly wonderful.

They had not even that engaging simplicity of character that almost atones for ignorance. Theirs was an affected simplicity, if I may use the term, superinduced by a cold and artificial system of education, and being only intended to shine on particular occasions, they were thrown aside like lumber when the unsubstantial pageantries over which they presided disappeared. But a veneration for the days of chivalry is one of those fallacies that reason will soon dissipate.

(f) *When clerks their knowledge shamefully misused.*

When the Roman Empire became a prey to the Barbarians, they gave up as little as possible of their

ancient independence, and when roused by a sense of real or imaginary wrongs, they were ready at all times to assert with their swords the rights they had inherited from their ancestors.

But in the changes that became necessary in their written laws, in the instructions to public officers for the administration of their internal government, and in the legal forms required for the secure possession and transmission of property, to which they had formerly been strangers, they were compelled to have the aid of provincial churchmen and lawyers, the sole depositories of the religion and learning of the times. These men, trained in the despotic maxims of the imperial law, transfused its doctrines and expressions into the judicial forms and historical monuments of their rulers; and thus it happened that if the principles of imperial despotism did not regulate the government, they found their way into the legal instruments and official language of the Barbarians.—ALLEN's *Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative*, page 15.

(g)

Why yearn

*For mysteries, which to know e'en Seraphs vainly
burn?*

Ma quell' alma nel Ciel che più si schiara
Quel Serafin, che'n Dio più l'occhio ha fisso

Alla domanda tua non soddisfara :
Perocche si s'innoltra nel abisso
Dell eterno statuto quel che chiedi
Che da ogni, e creata vista è scisso.

DANTE, Canto 21. *Il Paradiso.*

(h) *Yet to the Sabbath those who toil will look.*

“ For all that moveth doth in change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
O that great Sabaoth, God, grant me that Sabaoth's
sight ! ” — SPENSER.

“ But if there be a real and necessary, not merely a shadowy agency in heaven, as well as on earth ; and if human nature is destined to act its part in such an economy, then its constitution, and the severe training it undergoes, are at once explained ; and then also the removal of individuals in the very prime of their fitness for useful labour, ceases to be impenetrably mysterious.

“ This excellent mechanism of matter and mind, which beyond any other of his works declares the

wisdom of the Creator, and which under his guidance is now passing the season of its first preparation, will stand up anew from the dust of dissolution, and then with freshened powers, and with a store of hard-earned and practical wisdom for its guidance, shall essay new labours, we say not perplexities, perils, in the service of God, who by such instruments chooses to accomplish his design of benevolence. . . . Shall not the very same qualities which are here so sedulously fashioned and finished, be actually needed and used in that future world of perfection?"—*Natural History of Enthusiasm*, page 157.

“ The truths which we have been capable of attaining here may still, by that condensation and diffusion of which I have spoken, form an element of that transcendent knowledge which is to comprehend all the relations of all the worlds in infinity, as we are now capable of tracing the relations of the few planets that circle our sun ; and by a similar diffusion, those generous affections which it has been our delight to cultivate in our social communion on earth, may not only prepare us for a purer and more glorious communion, but be themselves constituent elements of that ever-increasing happiness which still prolonging and still augmenting the joys of virtue, is to reward, through immortality, the suffer-

ings and the toils and the struggles of its brief mortal career.”—BROWN’S *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Vol. II. page 311.

(i) *And the seal’d volume of a world unseen.*

“But his peremptory, final, unalterable decree he keeps in the cabinet of the eternal ages, never to be unlocked, till the Angel of the Covenant shall declare the unalterable final sentence.”—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Man, who is of “such stuff as dreams are made of,” is ever anxious to lift up the curtains of eternity, and to discover the secrets of another world; but neither Dante with his “eagles” and his “roses,” nor Davy in the “Vision” that graces the mild and mellow production of his last years, (“Consolations of a Philosopher,”) nor Hope, whose last work (would that instead of it he had left us as a legacy another “Anastatius,”) only proves the absurdity of human speculations when employed on a subject beyond the reach of human intellect; no, none of these lights of the world can give us a glimpse of our future state of existence.

Vain are all such speculations; all we know is,

that when "an immortal spirit has finished its earthly career," to use the beautiful language of a celebrated preacher, now, alas! no more, "an event has occurred, the issues of which must ever baffle and elude all finite comprehension by concealing themselves in that abyss, that eternity which is the dwelling-place of Deity, where there is sufficient space for the destiny of each among the innumerable millions to develop itself, and without interference or confusion to sustain and carry forward its separate infinity of interest."

(k)

Geologists I ween

Have made but little progress in their lore.

"In those sciences which have attained the highest degree of perfection, the skill of the Creator and the ends and uses of the different parts are most apparent.

"Geology has not yet made sufficient progress to carry us far in this path of enquiry, but we see enough to discover that the very disorder into which the strata on the surface of the globe are thrown, and the inequalities which it presents, are absolutely necessary to its habitable condition."—BAKEWELL'S *Geology*, page 480.

M. Fresnel, M. Arago, and our own illustrious countryman Dr. Young, have made discoveries in the nature of light which enabled Dr. Ure beautifully to illustrate the third verse in the first chapter of the book of Genesis, "Let there be light, and there was light."—See his work on Geology, book 1, chap. 2, *Of Light independent of the Sun.* ,

Guided by the cautious spirit of inductive philosophy, what may not future philosophers accomplish !

(1) *The universal bond is love.*

“ And in that depth
Saw in one volume clasp'd, of love, whate'er
The universe unfolds ; all properties
Of substance and of accident beheld
Compounded, yet one individual light
The whole.”

Cary's DANTE, *The Vision of Paradise*,
Canto 33, verse 80.

“ Terra vero non erat neque aër, nec cœlum, Erebi
autem in infinito gremio,
Omnium primum parit irritum furva nox ovum ;
Ex quo temporibus exactis propullavit Amor desiderabilis,
Radiens tergo aureis alis, celerimæ ventorum vertigini
similes.

Ille vero alato mistus Chao et caligonoso, in Tartare ingente

Edidit nostrum genus et primum eduxit in lucem."

Aristop. Aves.

See BRYANT'S interpretation of the above lines in the second volume of his *Mythology*, quarto edition, page 850.

(m) *What pleasure 'tis in mind, &c.*

The principle of association constitutes one of the most active, and may be considered as one of the primary properties in the human mind. Into its agency some philosophers have been inclined to resolve all our mental phenomena. That in mind, as in matter, every change must have a cause, is a truth unquestionable; and that we can generally discover the connecting principles which govern the train of our ideas, is equally true. Yet every person who devotes much attention to the varying states of his own mind, watching its thoughts and investigating their causes, must be conscious that ideas occasionally start up for which it is impossible to account. I am well aware how easily the causes may escape our attention. Our ideas, perceptions, and feelings are frequently of that evanescent nature, and follow one another in such rapid succession,

that, unless arrested for a moment, they elude our recollection. But while this fact is acknowledged, it is at the same time, we believe, a truth, confirmed by every one's experience who makes what passes within himself the subject of narrow and rigid attention, that thoughts, and names especially, often instantaneously present themselves, to which the train of thought immediately preceding and perfectly remembered, has no conceivable relation. A cause must exist, but that cause, we apprehend, cannot always be found in the principle of association."—CROMBIE'S *Natural Theology*, vol. 2, page 14, note.

(n) *High speculations are as faintly seen.*

“ So whoever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations, instead of a laborious and sober inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes.

“ For the mind of man is far from the nature of a clear and equal glass, wherein the beams of things should reflect according to their true incidence ; nay, it is rather like an enchanted glass, full of superstition and imposture, if it be not delivered and reduced.”—BACON.

“ High speculations,” says JEREMY TAYLOR, “ are barren as the tops of cedars, but the fundamentals

of Christianity are fruitful as the valleys or the creeping vine."

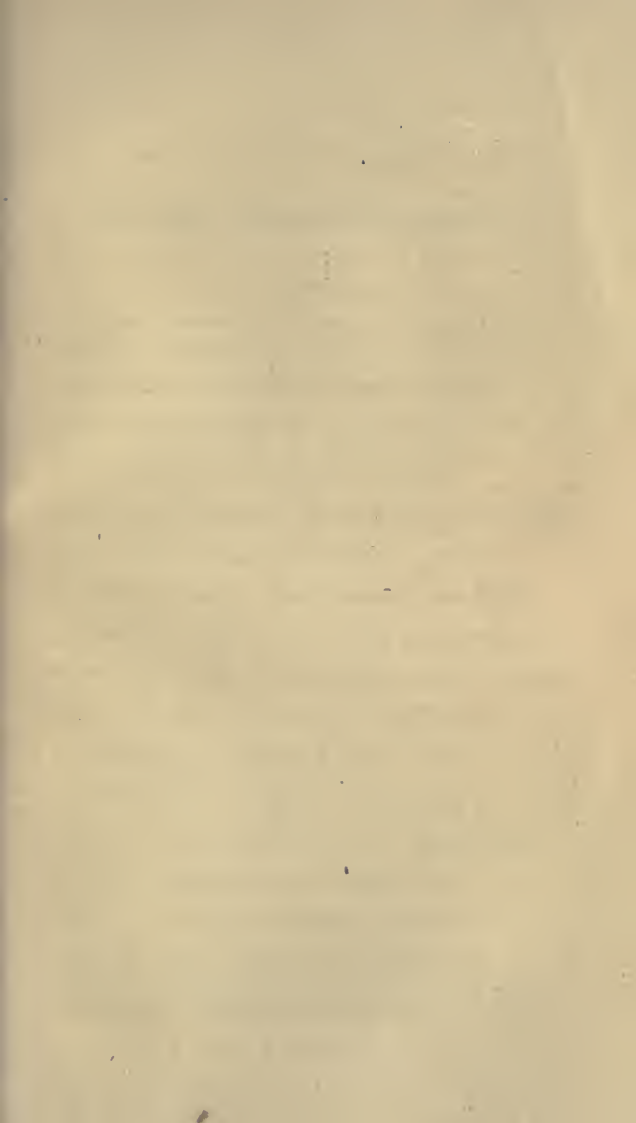
"Every mind not infatuated by intellectual vanity must admit that it is only some few necessary points of knowledge, relating to the constitution and movements of the spiritual and infinite world, that can be made the matter of revelation to mankind, and these must be offered in detached portions apart from their symmetry. Meanwhile the vast interior, the immeasurable whole, is not merely *concealed*, but is in itself strictly incomprehensible by human faculties."—*Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 308.

(o) *And Aherman from his throne is hurl'd.*

"Aherman.—Cest ainsi que les anciens Persans appelloient le principe du mal, opposé a Ormosd de principe du bien.—D'HERBELOT, article *Aherman*.

"In the deep windings of the grove no more
The hag obscene and griesly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
Of winds is heard the angry spirits' yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon,
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chace the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon."

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*, canto 2, stanza 48.



ON THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.



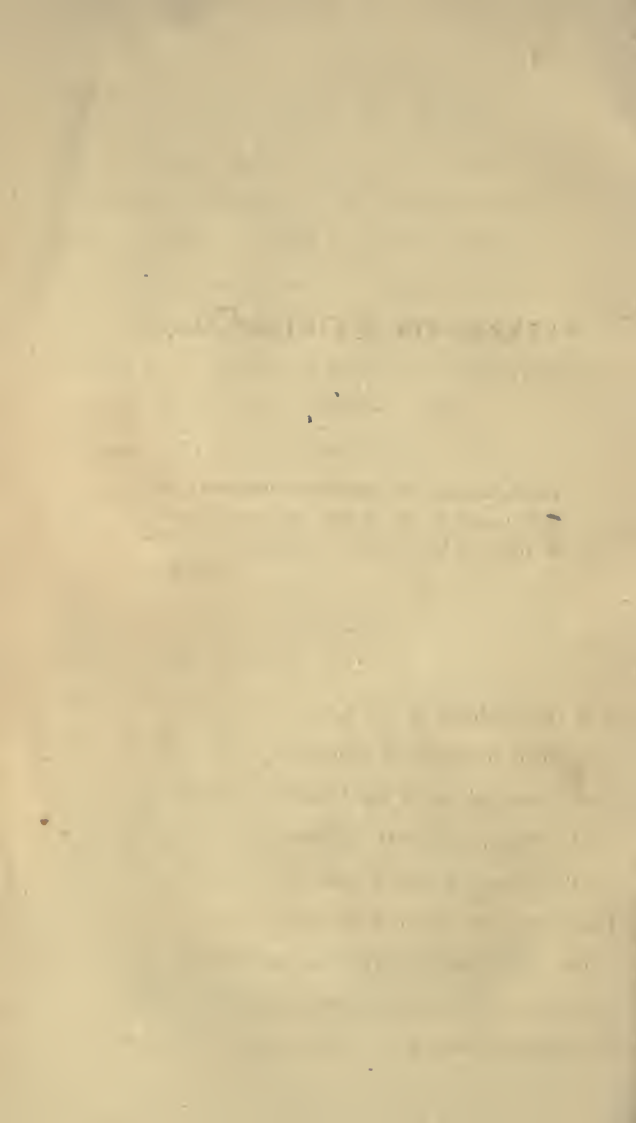
They lie commingling with the earth that late
In rich luxuriance o'er the trees display'd
Their leafy grandeur; in another year
Others will be as beautiful, and 'sear.
My friends around me fall, by death's rude blast
Blown rapidly away; and some in prime
Of verdant youth. And are they lost amid
The common dust? No. This most lovely eve,
When not a gauze cloud through the atmosphere
Melts gradually away, gives to my heart
A consolation, a prophetic hope
That they shall be again as flourishing
As e'er on earth, in heaven, and happier far.
The after-radiance of the blessed sun
Wakes in my soul a melancholy joy:
I hail the omen, sorrow for the loss
Of dearest friends, but joy that they are blest.

This "woody theatre,"* that circles now
My good old mansion, shall resound no more
With my friends' social laugh, and cheerful horn.
He's gone whose presence dissipated spleen
And head-ache, and the "numerous ills that flesh
Is heir to." While the night-dew damps my brow,
I fancy that I see his presence near,
Smiling with wonted cheerfulness on me :
I know that manly form, but, O ! how pale
Those cheeks, that once with health's rich colour
glow'd !

Mild as the moon in the deep blue of heaven
Looks gentleness above the quiet grove,
He looks, dear ——. I'll remember thee
And thy society,—alas, how brief !
And hope again for thy companionship
In worlds which here conjecture vainly strives
To bring before the mind, but worlds of bliss !

October, 1830.

* "A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."—MILTON.



STANZAS ON A FINE SUNDAY.

Earth has not any thing to shew more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

WORDSWORTH.

It is the sabbath of the Lord, awake
Ye who in darkness slumber, 'tis a day
Most beautiful, as if for Christ's dear sake
The Sun pours forth a more resplendent ray,
And Nature wears a robe most richly gay;
The hinds now from their daily labour rest,
The cattle undisturb'd keep holiday :
All men, save Mammon's wretched slaves, are blest,
And cheerful looks reveal their feelings unexpressed.

The woods are sleeping in the sunlight now,
Thus in the "light of lights" confiding love
Reposes, smooth as crystal is the brow
Of the clear lake, reflecting Heaven above!
Pure as the prayers that holiest saints approve,
Stray children o'er the meads, collecting flowers,
The best that may be into garlands wove,
To crown each other's brows in green-wood bowers,
Ere the church bells proclaim devotion's solemn
hours.

Fresh as on Hermon hill the morning dew,
Acceptable as incense that arose
From Aaron's altar, is the homage true
Of hearts to God, Prayer can our numerous woes
Remove, and sooth the bosom's fiercest throes!
Is there a place on earth that Angels greet?
Where persecuted Truth may find repose?
It is where congregated neighbours meet
To worship God with holy zeal and in communion
sweet.

And well the sunbright day doth harmonize
With the pure gospel light, that shines within
God's blessed church, most glorious are the skies ;
Like souls that purified from mists of sin
To glow with truths diffusive rays begin.

The sun to his meridian height ascends
As heavenward Christians strive their way to win ;
There shines the Triune Sun, there beauty blends
Hues that are faintly seen on earth, the Sabbath
never ends.

All that night visions shew to Bards of Heaven,
All they imagine, from the lovely things
They see, of things unseen, to few are given,
(Vain gift to Man) sublime imaginings,
Are but the colours bright that fancy flings
O'er life ; to beautify our days awhile

She hovers near with many colour'd wings,
Hence in the charms that win us without guile,
When heightened by devotion's glow, we see the
seraph's smile.

Yet these resemblances from earth are drawn,
And shall we, beings sprung from dust compare
With star-like sanctities, that, 'ere the dawn
Of light burst on the world with lustre rare,
Circled the Glory-Throne of the First Fair!
What are the songs of earth to Heaven's rich tide
Of melody, interminable there?
What are analogous to Powers that glide
Through glittering orbs succeeding orbs, in circuit
wide?

The sun is sinking, the horizon round,
Deepens into a radiance more intense.
Again the bells are heard, a cheerful sound,
Gladd'ning the heart of youthful innocence.
What is this love of harmony and whence?
Even in our childhood rapture—breathing strains
Of music to sublime our souls commence.
Effluent from beautiful realms where concord
reigns,
They come to promise bliss that God for Man
ordains.

Mysteriously with feelings deep accord

'The tones of music be they gay, or sad.

When at the will of the creative Word

Light was, the morning stars in concert glad,

Together sang, in luminous glory clad :

All was harmonious through the Universe,

Till Man ungrateful did what Heaven forbade.

Then discord rushed upon this earth, the curse

Of sin, and Passion came, of dissonant thoughts

the nurse.

September 23.. 1832.

NOTE.



(a) *What is this love of harmony and whence ?*

“While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

WORDSWORTH.

VERSES ON UVEDALE PRICE'S

“ESSAY ON THE PICTURESQUE.”



A Master mind that Taste and Genius grace,
The fine designs of Nature's hand can trace;
Where they may differ where again we see
The beautiful and picturesque agree.
How light, where stands a tree of Beauty, plays,
The eye delighting, through a thousand sprays:
How Autumn to the landscape gives a glow
Divine, that Painters o'er their canvass throw;
Hence Titian's golden hue, and colouring warm,
That has of Autumn all the mellow charm.
How sudden bursts of sunshine in the spring
O'er the green—flourishing tree their lustre fling.
The delicate foliage of the leaf conceals
In part the boughs beneath, in part reveals.

How undulate the boughs in wavy pride,
As sweeps the light breeze o'er the river's tide.
How distant openings through the glade invite
Inquiry, source of ever—new delight;
Leading the eye as in a wanton chase,
Onwards, with happy art *creating* space:
Itself the same, through combinations new
Changes from every spot beheld the view,
Advances here a wood and there recedes
A stream, again, far glittering o'er the meads!
How stretch along the hills, around, above,
Trees singly, or in groups, or lengthen'd grove.
How fan-like branches of the cedar, spread
Magnificently, feather overhead,
In avenues, of which the pillar'd shade
Attracts the devotee, or love-sick maid.
How on its gorgeous canopy of leaves
The widely-branching chesnut light receives.
Now Uvedale, pour thy storm of satire down
On that great Master of Improvement, Brown.
Who would variety's fair charms deny,
And with eternal clumps fatigue the eye.

Thickets, and glens, and every natural grace
To that Magician's tasteless art give place.
Romantic walks and coves, projections grand,
Are swept away by his all-levelling hand.
Oaks that around their arms majestic throw,
If rooted in the soil proscribed, must go.
Wild flowers, that o'er the rivers margin stray
In intertangling knots, are mown away!
The cheerful stream that silently beneath
O'erhanging boughs in many a mazy wreath
Stole on, or babbling o'er the shallows ran
Fretting the stones, is widen'd by a plan,
Shrubs are destroyed, banks levell'd down in haste,
A sheet of water glares, so wills it taste!

Malvern, October 10.

NOTES.



(a) *How light where stands a tree of Beauty, plays*

Take a single tree only and consider it in this point of view. It is composed of millions of boughs, sprays and leaves intermixed with and crossing each other in as many directions, while through the various openings, the eye still discovers new and infinite combinations, yet in this labyrinth of intricacy there is no unpleasant confusion: the general effect is as simple as the detail is complicate. —Uvedale Price on the Picturesque. Vol 1. p. 262.

(b) *Now Uvedale, pour thy storm of satire down.*

“It is to be regretted,” says the amiable & highly-gifted Sir Henry Stewart in his Planter’s Guide (Note 13 page 411) “that Sir Uvedale Price in his valuable Essays on the Picturesque (probably

the most powerful example of controversial writing, and acute criticism in the language) should have somewhat lessened their effect by personal sarcasm, and the bitterness of controversy. As to Brown he has not, according to the vulgar phrase, "left him the likeness of a dog," and his conceit, his ignorance, his arrogance, his vanity, of all which Brown had his full share, are blazoned forth in the most glaring colours.

SPIRITS OF THE SUN.

While golden-winged intelligences play
In festive circle round the God of day,
They from his aspect draw a strength divine,
And, mirror'd in their eyes, his splendours shine.
They are more beautiful than early glow
Of spring when earth renews her youth, as now,
Brighter than rose hues of the morn, or red
Pyrus that garlands Beauty's flower bed.
They are more beautiful than—loveliness,
Like theirs no imagery can express,
Even were it Shelley's, radiant with the stores
That Nature from her bursting horn out-pours.

Through orbits of interminable light
They look, how piercing is their visual might,
Discerning germs with which all worlds are rife
Ere they expand and blossom into life.

A MAY MORNING.

Like a cloud all resplendent with green and with
gold

Is the wood, now the mists of the morn are up-
roll'd ;

The trees are now robed in their freshest attire,
And the sun-beams illume them with quick-glanc-
ing fire.

The leaflets expanding now brighten all over,
Like a glowing young maiden at sight of her lover :
White blossoms like diamonds sparkle between
Gay foliage vivid with emerald green ;
And undergrown shrubs their light arms interlace,
Trailing here, running there with an intricate grace ;

And insects, fine minions of spring, in the stream
Of light flowing through leafy trellices, gleam.
Here by-walks from paths more frequented diverge,
Or rising from glens into vistas emerge.

Here poetry lives not in words but in feeling,
While the fragrance of plants o'er our senses is
stealing ;

And blue flowers laugh like the beautiful eyes
Of woman, 'mid others of infinite dies,
That enrich, so profuse of their colours in May,
The turf like Mosaic's most gorgeous inlay.
Wild hyacinths loveliest here of their class,
With hues caught from Heaven, spring up as ye
pass.

More splendid when blooming o'er bank, or through
glade

Than Solomon in all his glory arrayed.

May 6.

A PARK SCENE.

Vast trees most prodigal of shade,
With umbrage deep imbrown the glade ;
Or group'd less closely on the hill,
Stretch out their giant arms at will—
Above, below, or crown the dell,
Or singly grace the upland swell ;
Each, venerable as the oak
Whence oracles of old have spoke ;
Of years and full-blown honours full,
Romantic, grand, and beautiful !
In massive majesty sedate
They stand, immovable as fate ;—
Some in decay, how picturesque,
Others like sylvan Pan grotesque ;

Each fit to canopy a throne
Of royal Priest, the Druid's stone,
Each fit to be, so high they tower,
An emblem of the Assyrian power.

And where breaks out the mellow mould
In shapes fantastically bold,
Entwisted in the bank above
Rude trunks projecting form a cove
O'er the calm river, that below
Reflects each gently pendant bough,
Though here and there half grey—half green—
Ledges of rocks may intervene :
While many a trailing plant upshoots
From chasms underneath the roots.
Who can this glowing landscape see,
And feel not an exuberant glee ?
Oh who can view such loveliness,
Nor feel that God this world doth bless,
Whose beauty is unveil'd on earth
'To-day, as at Creation's birth !

STANZAS.

The cares of life hang heavy on our hearts,
-All that was born of spirit is extinct
Within us, soon the world its lore imparts,
With good, as far as sense unites it, link'd
To minds with heaven sprung virtue once in-
stinct.

Each in his generation wise pursues
Gain, or a good as palpable, distinct.
Few, like the maid beloved of Heaven,* will choose
The better part, what gain they for the pearl
they loose ?

A stream spontaneous flowing from the heart
Of love divine, an ardent zeal for truth

* Mary.

Asking no aid from oratory's art,

These, these pervade not now as once our youth :

All for effect now write, and speak in sooth.

To idols of the theatre we bow,

Even our compassion is but shew of ruth :

We seem with an indignant zeal to glow

In halls that ring with slavery's wrongs, but shun
the house of woe.

The meeting's frequent shout is as the clash

Of cymbals waking in vain man delight

Whose charity is but a transient flash

Of feeling; how unlike the purer light

That lives self-fed within the heart by night,

Or day, in shade or sun-shine, burning strong;

Effluence of seraph fair Charissa hight,

Supreme the brightest sanctities among,

Can her fine spirit visit those who court the ig-
noble throng ?

ADLESTROP HILL.

“ Ah why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood, but that there the soul discerns
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigour—but for this
That it is given her thence in age to hear
Reverberations ; and a choral song,
Commingling with the incense that ascends
Undaunted, tow’rds the imperishable heavens
From her own lonely altar.”

Wordsworth's Excursion, Book the Eighth.

Beautiful day thou art, but doubly fair

To me as from this spot I now behold

Things of familiar loveliness, the air

Whispers of childhood, changeful lights unfold,

Scenes, of which many a pleasant tale is told.

Lo ! as the panorama gay is seen

Distinctly, hamlets, mansions known of old,
Glow in the sunshine, cornfields, meadows green ;
And wood-surrounded domes of grandeur swell be-
tween.*

The deep of azure by a cloud unstained

Above, the wild bee's solitary hum,

The butterflies, whose joyaunce is unfeign'd,

Coloured, as if from gayer worlds they come,

Creatures, not grateful less for life, though dumb.

The swift that skims the ground with rapid wing,

The thousand thousand flowers we cannot sum,

The streams that from moss-covered founts out-
spring,

All in the Sun rejoice, their earth-o'ergazing king.

* And "flowery gardens curtained round
With world-excluding groves."

Here the pavilion stands, where children bright
At morn assembled for the dance or game,
Lively as Fays, as delicate Ariel light ;
Though they are grown to womanhood, there
came
To fancy's eye apparently the same
To-day, their young successors full of joy :
And as the Sun subdued his fiercer flame,
The dance commenced, that charmed me when a
boy,
And simple sports that gave delight without alloy.

The presence of the past is bodied forth,
Or in plantation deep, or covert glade ;
Though my coevals planted toward the north,
Grown with our growth, flourishing as we fade,
Throw out a wider amplitude of shade,
It seemeth, that this hill-encircling zone
Of beech and firs but yesterday was made ;
There to assist illusion, yon gray stone
Remains, of old the work-directing planter's throne.

The numerous steps of time that rise between
Childhood and age mature, when upward view'd
Interminable seem, when downward seen,
The mental eye with smooth descent illude :
'Twixt *was* and *is* how brief the interlude !
As we re-seek a spot the heart that cheers
With the remembrance of a sport pursued
In childhood, visibly *there* it re-appears ;
Vanisheth like a rapid dream long interval of
years !

And what is time's progression ? the same breeze
That in my boyhood fann'd me, on this hill
Around me plays, yon patriarchal trees
Unchanged remain, the ever lively rill
Runs through the garden rapidly at will ;
The stars that cheer'd my nightly walks, here shed
Their spiritual influence on me still.
One proof alas there is, that years have fled,
Some who have here with me rejoiced, are num-
bered with the dead.

Feelings they had to harmony attuned

Of nature, song of birds, and voice of streams ;
They with their ever-present God communed,

Tracing his finger in the redd'ning gleams

Of morn, or noon-day Sun's resplendent beams.*
They *saw* his fiat in the lightning's speed,

They *felt* an evidence with which earth teems
Of life revived, as plants sprung from the seed,
And in the rainbow's sign God's promise loved to
read.†

* "Wherever God will thus manifest himself there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world."—*Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Laici."*

† How beautifully Jeremy Taylor, whose works are an inexhaustible magazine of poetical images, illustrates the covenant of our Redemption by that of the Rainbow: "For this Jesus was like the rainbow which God set in the clouds as a Sacrament to confirm a promise, and establish a grace; he was half made of the glories of the light and half of the moisture of a cloud; he was sent to tell of his Father's mercies and that God intended to spare us; but appeared not but in the company or in the retinue of a shower and of foul weather."

Now are they spirits glorified, and far

Look through the unapparent, as they rise
Swift, as Elijah in his fiery car

Through spaces infinite, before their eyes

Truth now withdraws the veil of mysteries.

All they perceive, that sought on earth, behind

A cloud by man not penetrable lies ;

All they perceive, as mirror'd in the mind,

That ere Creation *was*, wisdom eterne design'd.

I love an Avenue, 'tis like the aisle

Of a Cathedral solemn, ample, grand ;

If at the close a venerable pile

Gray, turretted, the interspace command,

Looking tranquility, as evening bland

Comes on, and to the rookery return

Darkening the air in flights, a cawing band :

But memory's spirit doth within me burn

As yon majestic elms in ranks I now discern.

Each tree has its peculiar charms allied

To early recollections, on the bough

Of one I dared, a venturous wight, to ride :
And where another far its arms doth throw
Around, a verdant arbour fram'd below :
A bower of bliss indeed, though not so gay
As that which Spenser's picturing fancies shew,
In which Acrasia fair Enchantress lay,
* And spread her net for idle knights through
the long summer day.

The spirit might, (affections here embrace
The home in which is cast our early lot,)
Hereafter recognize some glorious place,
That slumbering in this world it had forgot ;
A sweeter home, than earth's most cherish'd spot.
Some orb of beauty, words can not relate,
Circling the spirit free as yet from blot
Of sin, ere its probationary state
Began—but here in vain we strive to speculate.

* See Spenser's " Fairy Queen, Book 2, Canto 12, Stanza 42, and the following Stanzas, in which the great Poet combines all his powers of description with the utmost harmony of versification.

Oft when the thunderstorm has ceased, I've gazed (*a*)
From this green hill on such a sight divine
As Wordsworth's Solitary sad amazed ;
That cannot be described in verse like mine,
But lives embodied in the glowing line
Of Rydale's mighty Bard, earth, air and sky
With mountain-structures, cloud-built domes, out-
shine
All palaces by fancy raised, the eye
In pageantries of Nature may faint types of Heaven
descry.

Outbursts of sunlight after summer shower,
With luminous distinctness gild the leaves,
Circulate smiles o'er petals of each flower,
That bending for the loss of splendour grieves ;
Thus man from Heaven consoling light receives,
With waters of affliction when opprest ;
Hope of its weight the drooping soul relieves,

And virtues brighten forth, that in the breast
Beneath prosperity's broad glare, would undis-
cerned rest.

We drink in, as it were, the flow of life
Around us, that insoul'd becomes a part
Even of our being ; thought is ne'er at strife
With thought, when love of nature's at the
heart

That bids all good to enter—ill, depart.
They who from mountain-heights look o'er the
vale

Smile, from its touch secure, at envy's dart :
They on the placid lake who love to sail,
Care not what contests fierce in cities proud pre-
vail.

Those who hereafter view the golden corn
Waving below (the Reapers and their Lord

Gone, and replaced by others lately born),
May have their minds with imagery stored,
Richer than that my humble lays afford :
May they, while garnering up boon Nature's
wealth,
Add these my little gleanings to their hoard,
And kindly think of him who here by stealth
From dull pursuits some moments snatched to
breathe the gales of health.

August, 1833.

NOTE TO ADLESTROP HILL.

—O—

(a) *Oft when the thunderstorm has ceased I've
gazed, &c.*

I allude here to the description of the magnificent spectacle seen among the mountains, in the second Book of Wordsworth's excursion by the Solitary. I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe part of it.

The appearance instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty City,—boldly say
A wilderness of building sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires ;
And blazing terrace upon terrace high

Uplifted, here serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars——illumination of all gems.

* * * * *

O 'twas an unimaginable sight !

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald
turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd.



PR

Leigh, Chandos Leigh

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Epistles to a friend in tow

L18E6

1831

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